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JANUARY 13, 1970

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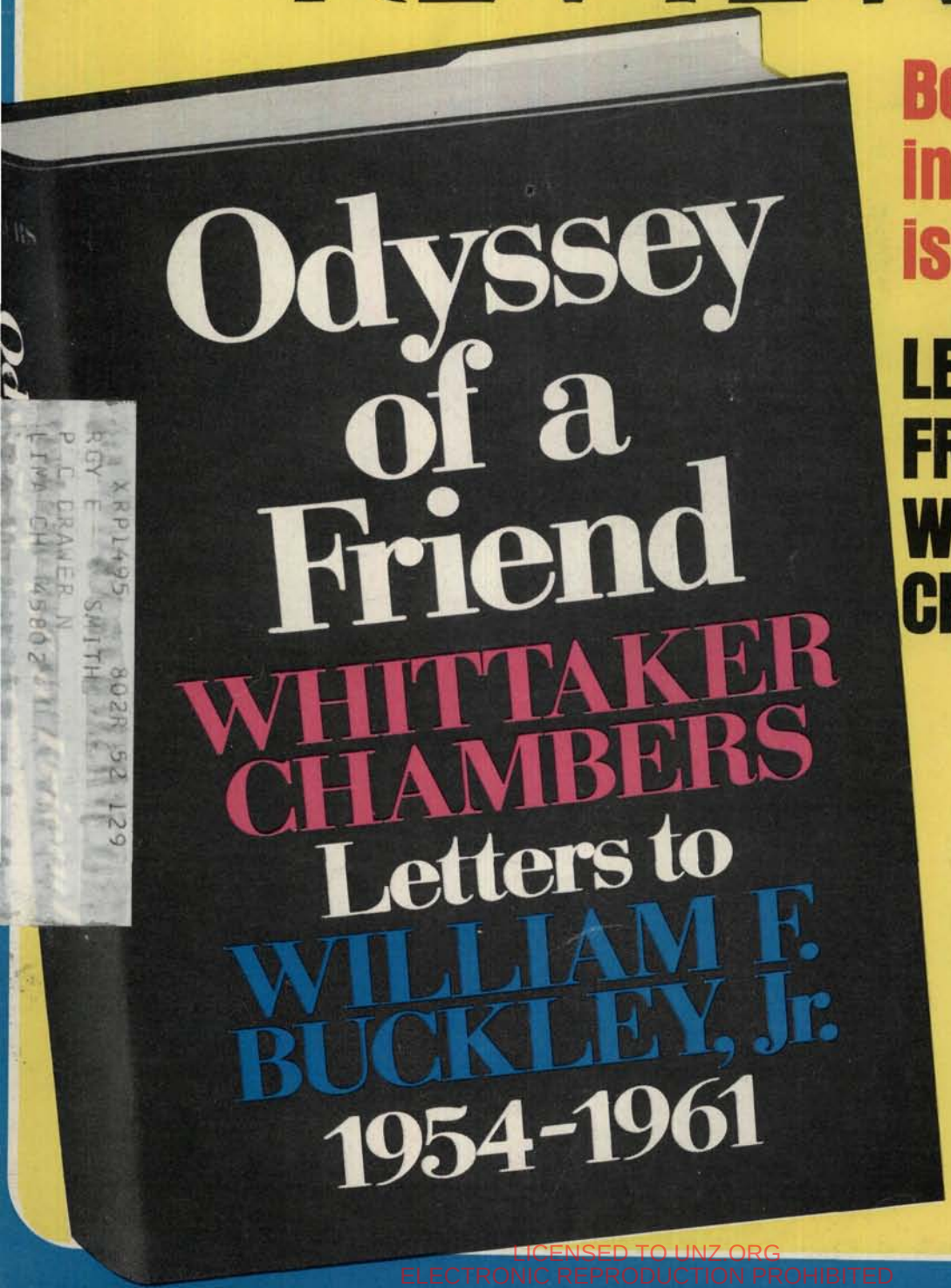
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
Reports Direct from Vietnam

NATIONAL REVIEW



Beginning in this issue:

LETTERS FROM WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

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Come back with us to that golden age when a dollar was still worth 100 cents, and Mom wept when you put on your first pair of long pants. (Did the kid brother inherit your hand-me-down knickers?)

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1922 MONTGOMERY WARD CATALOGUE

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. . . with trial membership in the Nostalgia Book Club and your agreement to buy only 4 more Club books or records over the next two years, each at deep discounts . . . 20% . . . 50% . . . even 70% off regular retail prices.

Massive "museum" of the way we lived then: thousands of pictures of fashions of the 20s, tools, household articles, children's games, farm implements, phonographs, furniture, medicines fit for man and beast ("asafetida tablets . . . valuable in treating hysteria"), radios, firearms, camping equipment, jewelry, watches, ukes and saxophones, cameras, etc., etc. Everything described the way only an old-fashioned mail order catalog could do it. 700 pages, a huge 9¾ x 13¼ inches (bigger than a telephone book). Hard cover deluxe binding.

***Here, for you geeks and Docas with fond* (but dimming) memories of those civilized, innocent years long gone, is a perfect view of life in the Golden Twenties. Silent movies, flivvers, small town living, reasonable prices for well-made goods—they're still here in these pages.**

Movie fans who thrilled at the beauty of Mary Pickford and the Gish sisters first learned about the new Hollywood fashions (skirts were nine inches off the ground) and hair styles right from this catalog.

In 1922 Monkey Ward gave almost equal space to the car and the horse. A Square Deal Buggy cost $79.95; a Light Truck Body for Ford Roadsters, only $8.25. ("But dear, those flivvers are so noisy.")

"The Radio popularity is sweeping the country like wildfire," notes the Catalogue. A booklet was offered to explain this marvel because "everybody should know something about it. The radiophone deserves your attention."

What was it like in 1922? It was cheap. As columnist Louis Sobol notes in his delightful retrospective Introduction, "the offerings leap out with what today would be considered unbelievable bargains."

- ► A polo coat with a fur collar. $10.50
- ► A girl's tartan plaid dress. $1.89 (postage 5¢ extra)
- ► Man's all-wool suit (trousers have 5 strong pockets). $16.50
- ► Roll top oak desk. $27.95 (shipping weight about 285 lbs.)
- ► A boy's "Shooting Star" sled. $1.48
- ► Nickel-plated watch. 96¢

And the 75¢ Gift Set for Dad—a pair of fiber silk Arm Bands and double grip Garters in a neat gift box in your choice of brown, blue, white, black or purple. Remember saving up your allowance for months, and watching Dad open his birthday package (carefully, with ceremony), and saying, "Just what I've always wanted!" On receiving, that day School Opened, a special gift from Mom: a Scholar's Outfit—one waterproof school bag, one ink tablet, two pencils, one pencil sharpener, a noiseless pencil box, and one combined ink and pencil eraser. (It was always fun to dunk the eraser in your inkwell and watch the eraser drink up all the ink.)

Nostalgia Club Membership Privileges

Now—as long as we can keep this offer open—you may take, for just $2.95 plus shipping, the famous Golden Jubilee Edition of the 1922 MONTGOMERY WARD CATALOGUE—store price $12.95.

You also receive a free subscription to Reminiscing Time, the monthly Club bulletin that not only describes the latest Books and Records but also carries special yesteryear features sure to start the nostalgia flowing. Discounts ranging from 20% all the way up to 70%, prices from $3.49. You need buy only 4 Club books or records over the next two years from among 50 or more we'll offer, after which you may resign at any time. You are free to reject any Selection that you don't want on the handy form provided. If you want the monthly Selection, no need to do anything; it will come automatically.

"Send No Money," as the old mail order ads used to say. Just mail the form at right to the Nostalgia Book Club, 525 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

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Note! If you do not have a credit card, your remittance of $2.95 must be sent with this membership form.

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If You Like What Mr. Agnew Is Saying About the Media, You'll LOVE What This Former Times Editor Reveals About His Paper!

All The News That Fits

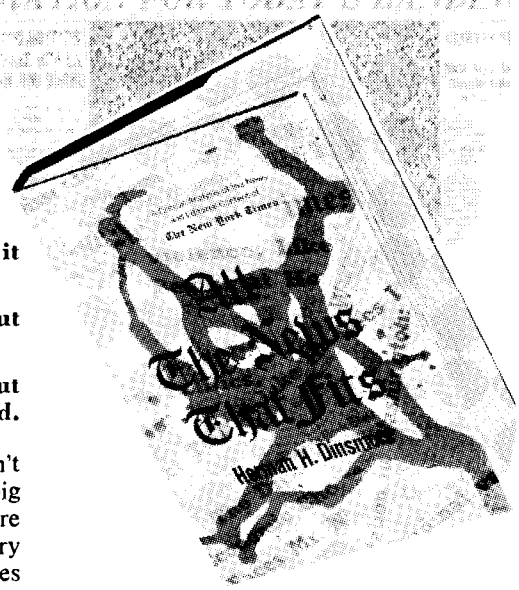
A Critical Analysis of the News and Editorial Content in The New York Times

by Herman H. Dinsmore

376 pages • 4-page bibliography • exhaustive 18-page index

A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

The New York Times *is often called "the good grey lady." This book will force many to conclude that the lady is a tramp.*



HERMAN DINSMORE joined the *Times* in 1929, back when the paper measured up to its reputation for greatness. By 1951 he was editor of the International Edition, a post he held till 1960. So he has watched the downhill slide from the inside. Now he Tells All. It is the first book of its kind – the book that documents what anti-Communists have long known but only now have at their fingertips, in instant-reference form.

Who Said It, the *Times* or the Reds? Mr. Dinsmore can be quietly devastating. Sprinkled through the book are excerpts from Communist publications side-by-side with the *Times* treatment of the same subject. With interesting results. You can't tell the players without a scorecard.

As a professional journalist, as a man who was well aware what he was fighting against on the *Times,* Herman Dinsmore spells out the four ways the *Times* slants or suppresses the news it finds unfit to print. Now that a School Edition of the *Times* is required reading in many classrooms, this section is as necessary as an inoculation for any students you know.

What the *Times* Finds Unfit to Print Dinsmore shows us a wealth of news items that missed every edition of the *Times* – and not because they were squeezed out by the girdle ads . . .

- **'Doctor" Castro: he got his Ph.D. from the *New York Times.***
- **Russians rioting against their slavemasters.**
- **Soviet assassination squads: revealed by J. Edgar Hoover, ignored on West 43rd St.**
- **No room in the *Times:* all those pictures of *North* Vietnamese atrocities.**
- **What Truman really said about Hiss: too shocking for the highminded *Times?***
- **their farms collectivized. (Looking it up in the *Times* Index? Forget it.)**
- **U.S. Communists infiltrate UN, but the *Times* keeps mum.**
- **What J. Edgar Hoover said about Oswald. What the *Times* said he said.**

Old pro that he is, Herman Dinsmore can't stifle the newsman's instinct. Result: a big bonus – the book reads like a miniature history of our time. Conscious that history sometimes gets rewritten while the bodies are still warm, Dinsmore can't resist pausing to treat us to an obscure piece of information, to give us a life-giving detail about a great event, to set the record straight on points of common misinformation, to show us a fresh way to look at a familiar incident.

What can be done about the *Times?* Mr. Dinsmore doesn't consider the old girl hopeless. Great once, she could find her way again. But not without books like this.

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Send for a copy of *All The News Th Fits,* on Arlington House's generous Ris Free Examination: if not well please return the book within 30 days and receiv a full refund plus extra cash to cover yo return postage. Mail coupon with $7 your bookseller or: Arlington House, Pul lishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochell New York 10801.

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Would you prefer us to send you this book free? You can get a free copy by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 40 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club Bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 75% off retail price plus shipping. If you accept the monthly selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly selection, you merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box in coupon and mail today.

ARLINGTON HOUSE

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Gentlemen: Please send postpaid *All The News That Fits* by Herman H. Dinsmore. My payment of $7 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage. NR-290

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Twenty-one of 25 Democratic senators up for re-election this year will get labor support: the AFL-CIO **COPE** certifies them as "liberal on labor and social issues." Republicans must knock off seven Democrats (and lose no seats) to take over control of the Senate. Particularly high with organized labor, **Birch Bayh** (who led the anti-**Haynsworth** fight), **George McGovern** and **Edmund Muskie,** potential Democratic standard-bearers in 1972, **Frank Moss** (Utah), **Philip Hart** (Mich.), **Gale McGee** (Wyo.). . . . Seats Republicans stand to lose include three now held by appointees: **Charles Goodell**'s in New York (he was appointed to replace **Robert Kennedy**); **Ralph Smith** (Ill.), appointed to replace **Everett Dirksen**; **Theodore Stevens** (Alaska), appointed to replace **E. L. Bartlett**. None is regarded as strong candidate. . . . Ninetieth Congress (first session) will be remembered, in personal terms, for: death of the flamboyant and effective **Everett Dirksen**; announcements by **Stephen Young** and **John J. Williams** (Mr. Incorruptible) that they would not run again; the disgrace and at least temporary political eclipse of **Teddy Kennedy**, who was *the* Democratic live wire in the Senate up to Chappaquiddick.

■ SDS *New Left Notes*, which disappeared during intraparty battles of last summer and fall, is back in business as biweekly, under the new name *Fire!* Editor **Marion Delgado** (of the **Mark Rudd**-Weatherman faction) says SDS is not just for a U.S. bugout in Vietnam: "We support the VC." But more important, says Delgado, "the new mass movement is taking place in a totally different context—we're moving toward armed struggle in this country." . . . Also back in business, under a new name, *Studies on the Left* (which ceased publication two years ago as a result of a factional dispute). New name: *Socialist Revolution.*

■ The big purge is on in **Czechoslovakia** where the Communist Party is issuing new membership cards. Only half of the 1.6 million CP members are expected to survive the new screening. . . . Travel restrictions have followed holiday package tour to Sweden in which 47 of the ninety Czech tourists defected. . . . Czechs wanting to attend midnight Mass on Christmas Eve found most of the major cathedrals in Prague closed—the authorities apparently feared demonstrations. . . . **Fidel Castro**'s Xmas greeting to his people is that he will "not hesitate to assassinate" anyone who interferes with his goal of a ten-million-ton sugar harvest—which is one-quarter bigger than Cuba's biggest harvest to date. . . . The Bolivian New Year's amnesty did not, as many expected, include a pardon for French revolutionary journalist **Régis Debray,** despite pressure from the international intellectual set.

London Daily Telegraph Ben Roth Agency

"It's so difficult to decide whether to ruin Britain by keeping her out, or bankrupt her by letting her in."

■ Senator **J. William Fulbright** and the Administration have reached a compromise on ambassadorial appointment to Morocco of Prof. **Robert Stausz-Hupé,** which Fulbright has refused to act on. Nixon will name Strausz-Hupé ambassador to Ceylon and the Maldive Republic instead and Fulbright will raise no objection. . . . According to **Willard Edwards** of *Chicago Tribune*, conservative Rep. **Philip Crane** was due to get a seat on the House Education and Labor Committee (the appointment was okayed by House Speaker **McCormack** and Committee Chairman **Carl Perkins**) but Crane was then shifted to another committee under pressure from **Andy Biemiller**. Biemiller is the chief AFL-CIO lobbyist in the Senate, was the fellow who was all over the place congratulating senators on a "job well done" right after the Haynsworth vote. He objected to Crane because Crane is a conservative. Incidentally, the filing date is past which means that Crane will not have a primary fight on his hands when he runs for re-election this year.

■ **H. Ross Perot**'s operations in favor of U.S. prisoners of war in North Vietnam—the airlift of Christmas gifts to Vietnam and sending of wives to Paris—getting under the skin of the enemy. Says Radio Hanoi: "It is a slander and a dishonoring" of the North Vietnamese government. Hanoi representatives in Paris call it a "provocative gesture." . . . The Communist *Daily World* headlines the story "Billionaire Perot Steps Up His POW Provocations."

■ Voices of Moderation: Rep. **William Clay** (D., Mo.) says Negro congressmen are discriminated against and that he doesn't expect any improvement in their lot because "we also have a racist now in the highest office in the land." And former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** who should know better: "Dissent is the principal element in the alchemy of truth" (which means what?) and it's all right because "millions of Americans have no rights."

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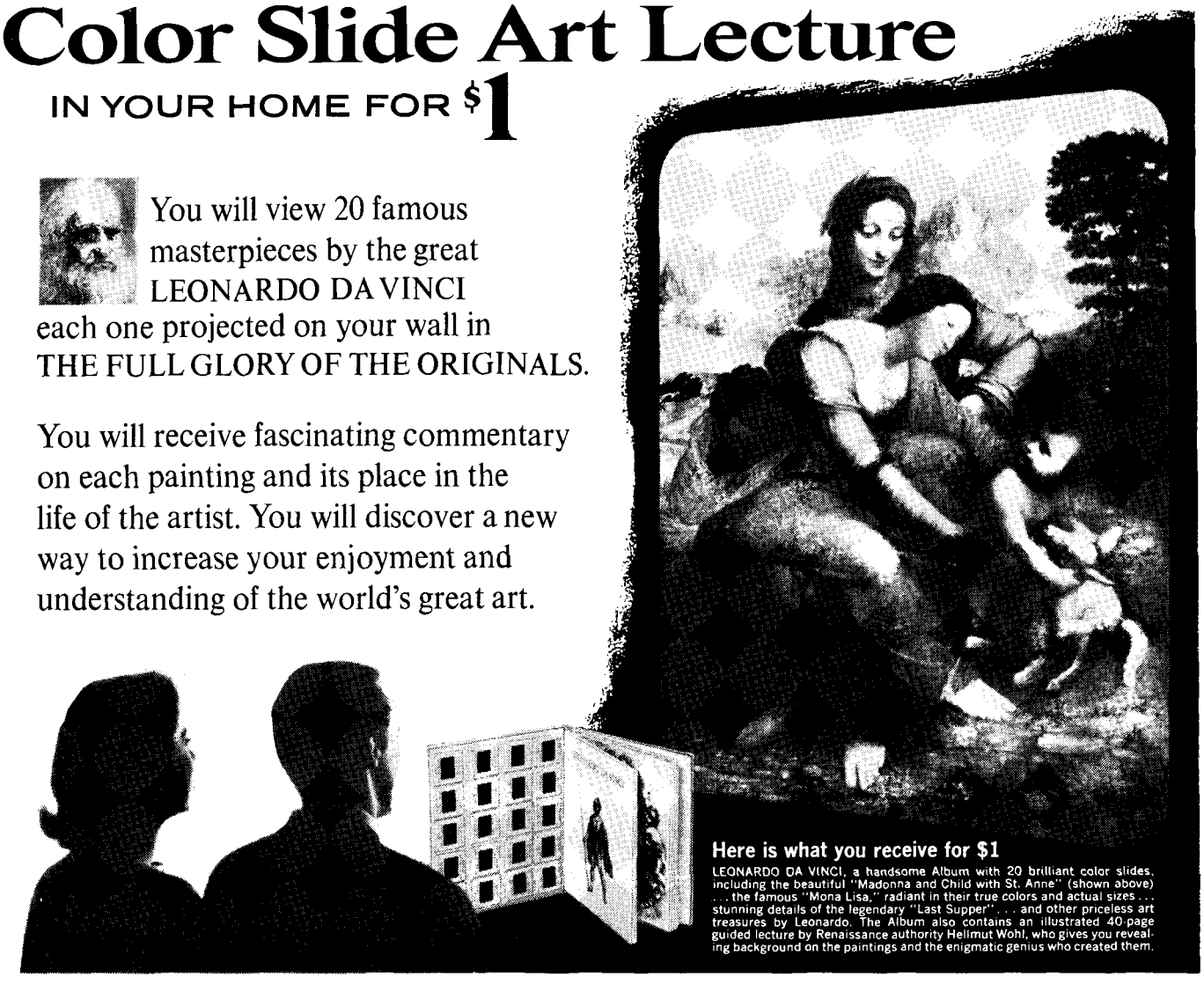

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A special demonstration offer from the new Color Slide Program of the Great Masters

THERE IS NO EXPERIENCE in the world of art more thrilling than to stand before a magnificent painting—and to learn about it from someone who knows the work well. Suddenly everything you see takes on new meaning, as you begin to understand what the artist is communicating through his choice of color, form, brush stroke, and theme.

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This method of art education—the color slide art lecture—is widely used by leading museums and universities. It has never before been made available to families at home.

A new way to deepen your appreciation of art and artists

As a subscriber, you are offered a series of unusual albums, each containing 20 color slides of priceless paintings by a celebrated master. These superb 35mm slides were created by specialists in art photography working in leading museums and collections throughout Europe and America. The authentic colors of the original paintings, every subtle line and detail, are brilliantly revealed on these slides. They can be shown on *any standard home slide projector*. (If you do not own a projector, you may obtain one at low cost with your trial Album. See the special offer at the right.)

The color slides, however, are only one part of the Album. Bound into the center of each Album is an illustrated 40-page guided lecture which discusses the artist's life as well as each of the 20 paintings presented; its place in the development of the artist, its importance in the history of art, its reflection of the tastes and attitudes of the period.

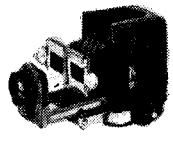
As you view the paintings projected on your wall and read the absorbing commentary, you and your family will discover *a whole new dimension in the enjoyment of art*. If you have been disappointed by the inadequacies of small prints and art reproductions, you will be delighted with the thrilling visual experience offered by the *Color Slide Program of the Great Masters*. It is very much like taking your own "private tour" with an art expert guiding you through the world's finest collections.

The Program is flexible—the cost is low

Approximately every six weeks, you are offered a complete new Color Slide Album of 20 distinctive slides and an illustrated lecture. Forthcoming Albums will be devoted to the lives and works of such great masters as *Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Goya, Gauguin,* and *Picasso,* as well as *Rubens, Caravaggio, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Chagall,* and other outstanding artists from every major period.

If the slides were available from museums, you would expect to pay as much as $15 a set. Yet, as a member of this new Program, you pay only $6.95 for each complete Album—including 20 color slides and 40-page illustrated lecture. You may take as few or as many as you like, and may stop whenever you wish.

IF YOU DO NOT OWN A PROJECTOR. We have obtained a limited supply of the sensational Minolta Mini 35-II, with Rokkor F2.5 wide angle projection lens. This top-rated portable projector shows all 35mm slides. List price $36.45—members' price $17.95. If you wish the projector included, please enclose remittance with coupon. Full refund guaranteed if projector is returned within 10 days.



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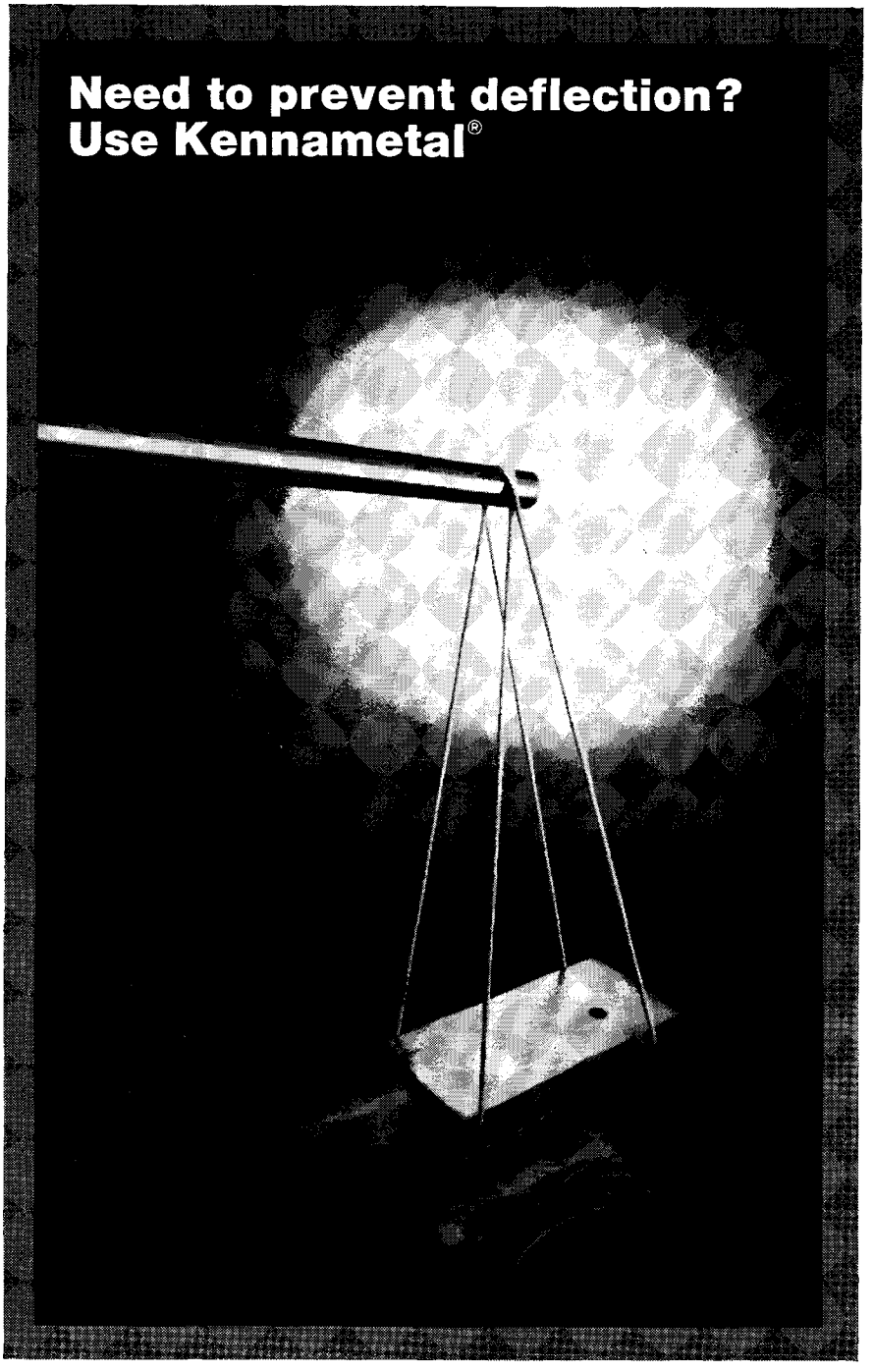

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LETTERS

Operation Spiro

It seems to me that NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial, "Operation Spiro" [*NR*, Dec. 16], supports Vice President Agnew the way a rope supports a hanging man. Both the Vice President and anyone who agrees with him are neatly slotted as "rednecks" or ignorant blue-collar lower middle class. As a true-blue Northerner (Boston-born, Radcliffe-bred), I object to the "let's-be-beastly-to-the-South" premise beneath much of the putatively dispassionate analysis, as well as to the imputation of obscurantism to blue-collar workers.

Substantively, the reasoning is, I believe, faulty: an incumbent President running for re-election does not start from the statistics of the 1968 election but from his standing with the solid citizenry of the entire country after four years of performance.

Woodstock, N.Y. E. B. MEYER

A Different Drummer?

As an ardent admirer and defender of G. K. Chesterton, I was somewhat vexed by Jared C. Lobdell's review of *An Antique Drum* by Thomas Howard ["Sixty Years After GKC," Nov. 18]. Mr. Lobdell's preoccupation with the number of those who will profit from the book seems highly irrelevant as a criterion for its "praiseworthiness."

On the contrary, and particularly in view of the predominance of *Kitsch*, in which high and exacting standards tend to be forgotten, perhaps the realization of Mr. Lobdell's prediction that the book will gain no new converts is sufficient evidence to praise it.

Mr. Lobdell writes: "I fear that those who do not agree before reading the book are unlikely to agree after reading it. I hope and pray I am wrong." I fear that those who do not agree before reading NATIONAL REVIEW are unlikely to agree after reading it. I hope and pray I am right.

Kirkwood, Mo. RICHARD S. FUEGNER

Bauble Boo-Boo II

Re the letter from E. E. Potter [*NR*, Dec. 16]: I found his letter very interesting since like Mr. Potter, I am also a pilot. I have had the opportunity to be on both sides of the battle, having flown in general aviation and currently in the airlines.

Mr. Potter seems to feel that the "lefty-lib" line is the pro-airline side. I don't feel that this is completely true. It might be well for Mr. Potter to remember that the airlines are one of America's great

(Continues on page 10)

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HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$43.78 TO $54.78	$39.80 TO $49.80	$19.92 TO $23.92	$83.76	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
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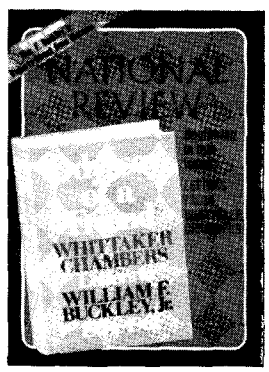
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We begin this week one of the most engrossing features we have ever published in NATIONAL REVIEW—a series of letters from the late **Whittaker Chambers** to the editor of this journal. They began, simply and rather mechanically, in 1954, when a volume on Senator Joe McCarthy by Messrs. Buckley and Bozell was shown to Mr. Chambers by the publisher. The reading of the galleys led to a correspondence, to a personal visit, to a professional association (Whittaker Chambers served as an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW during most of 1957-1959), to a warm personal friendship—all of it recorded in letters which some of those who have seen them regard as perhaps the most eloquent commentary on the agony of the West.



The letters published in this issue are the first of three installments. Even so, they are only 20 per cent of the whole, which will be brought out in book form early in February by Putnam's. A private edition of that book has been read by Richard Nixon, who classifies it as among the truly important and revealing books he has ever read: written, of course, by the man whose testimony was believed by a young congressman, back in 1948, over against the word of a smoothie lawyer, President of the Carnegie Foundation, former Assistant Secretary of State for the International Political Affairs, the man who had brung down the gavel at San Francisco to open the first assembly of the United Nations. Richard Nixon guessed that Whittaker Chambers was telling the truth, and stuck with him during the darkest days. Eventually the courts justified Chambers, documented the appalling story of Hiss's betrayal, and catapulted Richard Nixon onto the national scene. The letters are primary documents of the hope and fears, at midcentury, of one of the most eloquent human beings who ever lived.

■ Professor **Hugh Kenner** of the University of California at Santa Barbara hoists a few at the Oktoberfest in Munich and then writes an hilarious account of his adventures there. . . . **Tibor Szamuely**, who reviews three on Russia, has a first-hand knowledge of his subject. Mr. Szamuely graduated from Moscow University, fought in the Red Army during WWII, and spent eighteen months in Soviet prison camps. He now teaches at Reading University in England and contributes widely to British periodicals. . . . And **Milorad Drachkovitch** discusses Svetlana Alliluyeva's remarkable and powerful portrait of her father and her love affair with America. . . . **Vincent Miller** analyzes J. K. Galbraith's bestselling memoir of his Indian tour of duty. . . . And **M. Stanton Evans** studies Ralph de Toledano's biography of Richard Nixon.

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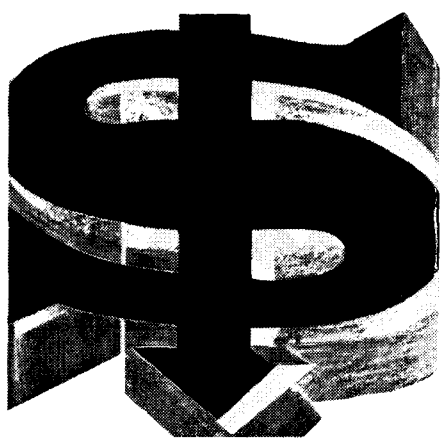

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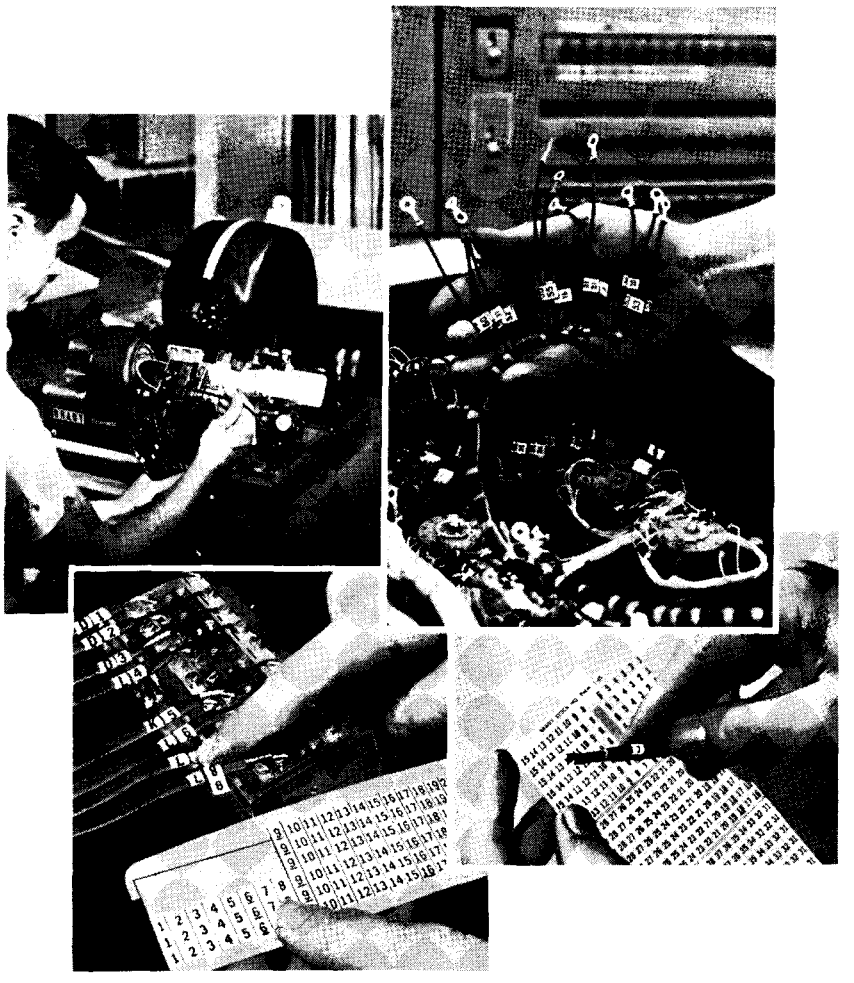

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

free enterprise industries. The point is that the airline side is attacked by the liberals and also the supposedly conservative general aviation group. The liberals are at the same time attacking the general aviation group. As Mr. Potter mentions, the selfishly squandered money idea and also the freedom of one individual while doing what he wants to delay or inconvenience a large group of others is used.

I do not feel you can use a political conservative stance to line up in complete agreement on either side of this argument. It is too complicated, technical and really doesn't (or shouldn't) belong in the political arena anyway.

One last point (although it really matters very little). Mr. Potter was so strong in hitting your "completely misinformed" and "completely half-cocked" article in which you were "without any effort whatsoever to ascertain the facts," that I thought I might mention number three of Mr. Potter's "specific facts in refutation of your statements." It read: "No aircraft may enter an airport control zone without first contacting the control tower or Flight Service Station and receiving permission and instructions."

1) Any aircraft may enter any control zone anytime without contacting anyone as long as it is on VFR conditions.

2) Mr. Potter meant "Airport Traffic Area" not control zone.

3) Even with that wording change the statement is still incorrect since contacting a Flight Service Station is not, and has not been for some time, required.

4) Ref: FAA Airman's Information Manual, page 1-25, para. 1 and 2, and page 1-27 para. 1 and 2.

KENNETH P. STOECKMANN JR.
Livermore, Calif.

Thank You!

In reading the paragraph [*NR*, Dec. 2], concerning the French nuclear program, I was disappointed to note an error which should have been caught by your editorial staff. At several points you mentioned the use of "U-238" in nuclear reactors and weapons. You should have referred to uranium enriched in U-235.

A more egregious error appeared in your [Aug. 12] issue on foreign gas centrifuge developments and the Non-Proliferation Treaty. There you referred to production of "enriched plutonium" for weapons by the centrifuge method whereas you intended to say "enriched uranium."

Washington, D.C. LEONARD M. TROSTEN

We were delighted to discover how many citizens a) read NR *carefully enough, b) know enough about things nuclear, and c) are enough concerned to correct these two instances of editorial sloppiness.*—ED.

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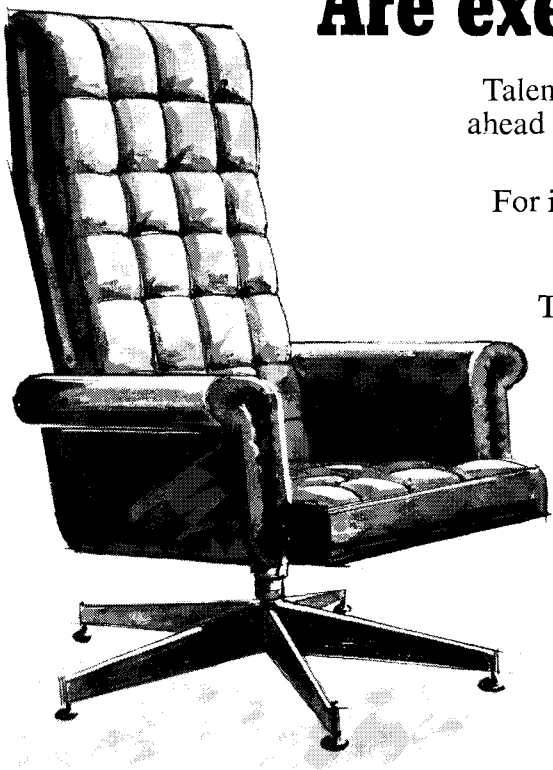

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THE WEEK

■ The University of California at Berkeley hopes to set up a birth control clinic. On campus, for credit?

■ Spiro Agnew continues to smash one precedent after another. Asked to comment on the situation in Asia when he arrived at the Manila airport last week, he answered that he did not know enough about Asia to make a comment worth hearing.

■ So Richard Nixon will sign the tax bill, which is more or less inflationary, and my income tax will go down, and so (unless you make more than $100,000 a year, or have substantial "unearned" non-state-and-municipal-bond income) will yours. The increase in personal exemptions, which was rammed through Congress in defiance of the President's wishes, has a pleasant sound to it: but what it amounts to, of course, is a palliative measure when there might have been a chance for genuine tax reform—an aspirin for the voters when an antibiotic was available. The only genuine cause for rejoicing lies in the refusal of the Conference Committee to tax income from state and municipal bonds, a measure that would have led without substantial pause to the withering away of the state and municipal governments. Otherwise, it is difficult to believe that anyone will be better off in the long run if the present tax bill is signed. More money will be pumped into the economy. The greatest incidence of tax reduction will take place at the lower income levels (up to $5,000) and at the higher (above $15,000), with the great American middle class, the silent majority, taking it—as usual—in the neck. To counteract the benefits conferred on the upper income brackets, the differential tax treatment of capital gains has been eliminated, which isn't going to help capital investment. To mitigate the inflationary impact of tax reductions, the timetable for putting them into effect has been substantially lengthened. And, of course, to remind everyone that what is given with one hand will be taken away with the other, there is a 15 per cent increase in Social Security benefits, taken out of the pockets of current taxpayers. One more hodge-podge bill, forced on the President by political expediency, inflationary, mildly anticapitalistic, and dedicated to clobbering all the American people at the expense of some of the American people. It will, under pressure from the "people," become law.

■ On the face of it, Senator Edward Kennedy would seem to have everything to gain from full public disclosure of the events that night on Chappaquiddick. Widespread doubt exists regarding the Senator's explanation on TV; full disclosure, including testimony under oath, would—presumably—dispel such doubt. Yet the Senator's tactics have served only to becloud the matter further. Acting on Kennedy's request, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has ruled that the forthcoming inquest be closed to the press and to the public. Now Judge James A. Boyle of Edgartown, Mass., who will preside over the inquest, has denied a request that Mary Jo's parents be permitted to send a representative to the proceedings. Meanwhile, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Judge Bernard C. Brominski, in ruling against an autopsy, observed that the hearing there had brought out minor discrepancies between Kennedy's statement to the police and his later TV account, and, further, that testimony by Deputy Sheriff Christopher Look Jr. suggested that the accident may have occurred an hour and a half later than Kennedy alleged. Senator Kennedy's position graduates beyond the mere taking of the Fifth Amendment, which is the public consequence of his actions. He is, in effect, because of his undisputed domination over the entire cast of Chappaquiddick, in charge of a conspiracy to keep the courts, let alone the public, from having the facts.

■ Attorney General Mitchell announced on December 23 that an intensive Justice Department investigation of alleged violations of tax laws by Senator Thomas J. Dodd revealed "that no criminal prosecution is warranted." Thus ended a two-year ordeal for the Connecticut senator which began in 1967 when his colleagues voted to censure him for using $116,033 raised at testimonial dinners over a five-year period for personal rather than political purposes. Dodd has never agreed that the charge or the figures were accurate. The trouble, he believes, arose from sloppy bookkeeping. Political funds were deposited in his personal accounts; personal funds, however, were deposited in political accounts. Out of these personal funds during this five-year period, he paid $101,000 for reimbursed costs of office, thus reducing the $116,000 to something more like $15,000. And during the same period, he maintains, he paid out considerably more than $15,000 in old campaign debts, thus rendering the figure used as basis for the censure meaningless. After the Justice Department statement, Dodd said: "I have been subjected for more than two years to exhaustive and intensive investigation. I feel at last I have been cleared of any wrongdoing." Dodd is facing a tough renomination fight in 1970, and the Justice Department findings should give his candidacy a much-needed boost.

■ The American Historical Association has just elected R. R. Palmer of Yale over Staughton Lynd, formerly of Yale, as its president for the coming year. Mr. Lynd used his debating time to propose a demonstration in front of the Justice Department protesting the Vietnam war and "harassment" of the Black Panthers. One is, at least temporarily, glad that his candidacy failed. At the same time, the American Philosophical Association narrowly failed to adopt a resolution condemning Ameri-

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can participation in the Vietnam war as "rotten imperialist aggression"—a resolution Paul Kristellar, who fled Nazi Germany, called "vulgar, offensive and contrary to all my standards as a scholar." The APA then adopted a substitute get-out-quick resolution. Two down, and the Modern Language Association meeting in Denver is just at the moment getting on with the business of telling job applicants there are no jobs open. But all this should not be allowed to blind anyone to the fact that the radical challenge in these organizations has at best been temporarily beaten back. What is just as important, one cannot be blind to the fact that the current attempt at a radical takeover is the obvious outcome of a quarter-century of Establishment Liberal control. Professor Palmer is *not* a conservative, and the APA *did* eventually vote on the altogether unphilosophical issue of getting out of Vietnam. We must, in Churchill's words, be careful not to give to a deliverance the aspect of a victory.

■ Hitting the comeback trail after a long retirement: The Sino-American thaw. Last July, the State Department announced that American tourists might bring home Chinese-made goods valued up to $100 (purchased, of course, in countries other than Red China). Just before Christmas, the first of those Sino-American "conversations" in more than two years took place in Warsaw. Most recently, State announced that there will be no limit on the value of Red Chinese goods brought to this country by tourists, museums and even zoos, and that foreign subsidiaries of American firms may buy and sell Red Chinese products abroad. All of which are acceptable moves by the Nixon Administration that 1) show the world we are pleasant fellows unlike the intransigents of Peking and 2) serve to twit the Russians, whose own thaw vis-à-vis China seems to have stalled. Not at all acceptable is the action of Senate liberals to remove from the foreign aid appropriation funds to buy jet planes for Free China. The President has told Mr. Agnew to assure Chiang Kai-shek of our continuing support.

■ In the bad old days of Uncle Joe, Russian dissidents were taken care of either in the cellars of the Lubianka or in the arctic labor camps of Siberia. They do things more genteelly in Russia today. Take the case of Major General Pyotr G. Grigorenko, who protested last May against the treatment of eleven Tatars whose only demand was that they be allowed to return to their native homelands. Grigorenko's protest came under the heading "anti-Soviet activity" and the police picked him up. From May 11 to December 12 his family and friends could get no account of what had happened to him. Now the story has been leaked that Grigorenko has been declared insane, like Solzhenitsyn and others before him, and will be imprisoned in a mental hospital presumably until he comes to his senses.

■ A recent BBC poll showed Enoch Powell number two in the list for "Man of the Decade" (behind Harold Wilson, one regrets to say). Edward Heath, titular leader of the Conservative Party, was nowhere to be seen. It must be a bit disconcerting to drum a man out of your shadow cabinet and find that you have driven him into the sunshine, while the cabinet (and its leader) are more shadowy than ever.

■ A grand jury in Chicago has handed down 35 indictments against members of SDS-Weatherman in the wake of street violence last October. Among the charges are assault, battery, resisting arrest and mob action. Left-watchers predict that when the cases come to court, the defense antics will make the Conspiracy Eight trial look like Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

■ "If it is true, as the advocates of integration claim, that segregation deprives the Negro student of equal education, millions of Negro students in the North are being deprived of their rights."—Senator John Stennis.

■ Did you say *silent* majority? Not on their car bumpers. Among the bumper stickers spotted in the past three weeks: Go! Go! Spiro! ! . . . Agnews—Yes, TV News—No . . . Spiro Is My Hero . . . Agnew May Be Greek to You, But He Sure Makes Sense to Me . . . SAFARI (which, on inquiry, turned out to stand for "Spiro Agnew Friends And Rooters Institute").

■ Charles Manson, the beardy-weirdie accused of masterminding the murders of Sharon Tate et al., will go on trial for his life acting as his own attorney. Costs of his defense, he has announced, will be defrayed by sales of a record of himself, singing and playing the guitar. If he's found guilty, maybe he'll be executed on the Johnny Carson show?

■ The Logos strikes again: The lost temple of Aphrodite has just been dicovered at Cnidus by an archaeologist named Iris C. Love.

■ Professor Karl Shapiro, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, on the Kids: "We have the most inarticulate generation of college students in history. They don't want to learn;

Even-Handed Justice

Rebecca, cranking up the well
Way back in ancient Israel,
Would fill her buckets happily,
Then tote them even-handedly.
Today, as Mr. Nixon sticks
To even-handed politics,
I make myself a tiny bet
That Jacob Javits gets us wet.

W. H. von Dreele

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they want to 'feel.' They don't want to read; they want to 'experience.' They have become almost impossible to teach."

Two Cheers for the Sixties

Thirty years ago W. H. Auden sat in one of the dives on 52nd Street as the lights were going out in Europe and the West was sliding toward disaster. The poet was "uncertain and afraid/As the clever hopes expire/Of a low dishonest decade." Although the faces along the bar seemed not to know it, the "clever hopes" of Versailles, of Wilsonian abstractionism, of generational liberation, of the Oxford peace pledge and the popular front, of Munich and peace in our time—all the "clever hopes" had ended here: "The unmentionable odor of death/ Offends the September night."

Except that those dives on 52nd Street have now been replaced by routine New York architecture, it would be tempting to revisit them now and, amid Thirties jazz, raise a toast with Auden past to another low dishonest decade.

The Sixties too had their clever hopes. Looking back to the beginning of this decade it requires an effort of the historical imagination to recall the atmosphere. John F. Kennedy, campaigning for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket, actually said things like this: "We are in danger of losing something solid at the core. We are losing that Pilgrim and pioneer spirit of initiative and independence—that old-fashioned Spartan devotion to 'duty, honor and country.' " Running on the Democratic ticket and winning, Kennedy talked this way at his inaugural, in a speech then generally regarded as setting the tone for the Sixties: "Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a harsh and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage. To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. . . . In the long history of the world only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it."

These Periclean words did not, as things turned out, set the tone of the Sixties. Before their spirit was betrayed by the liberal wing of the Democratic Party it was betrayed by Kennedy himself at the Bay of Pigs; and before Kennedy was assassinated his blundering agents had arranged for the elimination of Diem. Out of this muddle and murk there emerged the real symbol of the Sixties—not Kennedy, but Castro. Fidel Castro smashed Kennedy at the Bay of Pigs; he saw Kennedy, as a result of the missile crisis, guarantee his tyranny in Cuba; in Dallas, an admirer, the Castroite Oswald, trained the cross hairs of his sight on the back of Kennedy's head; and Castro imposed his own style, so different from Kennedy's, on the very generation Kennedy was addressing about "duty, honor and country."

Even his ill-fated brother, feasting on the approval of Berkeleyite youth, indulgent of black power demagogues and conducting pilgrimages to César Chavez, was sliding into Castroite forms. Nothing could have been further in tone from the JFK campaign of 1960 than Bobby's Pop-Revolutionism of 1968.

No doubt everyone has his own private Dunciad of the Sixties. A sample scenario: the Bay of Pigs, the Berlin Wall, the hysteria and superstition surrounding everything black, Ginsberg (and Ginzburg), the Beatles and all their progeny, skin flicks, the repeated betrayal of the academy from within, Youthcult, the *Pueblo*, Mailer's perverted insights, Narcoticscult, the cry-baby Moratoria, Eric Sevareid's lay sermons, Savio and Rudd, Chappaquiddick, Lennon and Yoko, Jackie and Ari, C. P. Snow, Pornocult, and all the rest of it. It is only too apt that Ted Sorensen should begin the decade writing JFK's inaugural, and end it writing Ted's Pop Confession for TV. Yes, Auden, a low dishonest decade, and one that in many ways was more corrupt than the Thirties you were talking about in that poem. At the stroke of midnight, then, let us—while eating a bunch of grapes—recite Yeats' refrain:

Those fanatics all that we do would undo;
Down the fanatic, down the clown;
Down, down, hammer them down,
Down to the tune of O'Donnell Abu.

And indeed there is now every sign that hammer them down we will, for the Sixties had another aspect, a much more promising one, though it tended to be obscured by the general mess. First of all, there were the flashes of creative brilliance. Though literature and, especially, literary criticism were mostly third-rate, and philosophy and theology were somnolent, a single determined and intelligent man (Milton Friedman) reversed an entire economic trend.

Technology and design backed by a sustained prosperity created their own kinds of poetry—in cars, skis, cameras, clothes and phonographs. Where, indeed, are the tailfins of yesteryear? For those who in Dante's words know how to use the world well, the Sixties were a cornucopia. Nor, though it sometimes seemed so, did hairy louts really monopolize the scene. Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins do not remind one of Pornocult or Mark Rudd, and their travels through space were a spectacular analogue of something almost as marvelous taking place on earth, where jet travel brought Majorca, Hawaii, Paris and Tokyo within easy reach of many Americans.

But most important, as the Sixties drew to a close, the great ship of state was felt to be slowly but inexorably changing course. For the first time in forty years a Republican professional sat in the White House, and his presence there did not seem to be an aberration, for electorally there was taking place a profound shifting of the foundations. As Kevin Phillips observed in the most important political book of 1969, "the upcoming cycle of American politics is likely to match a dominant Re-

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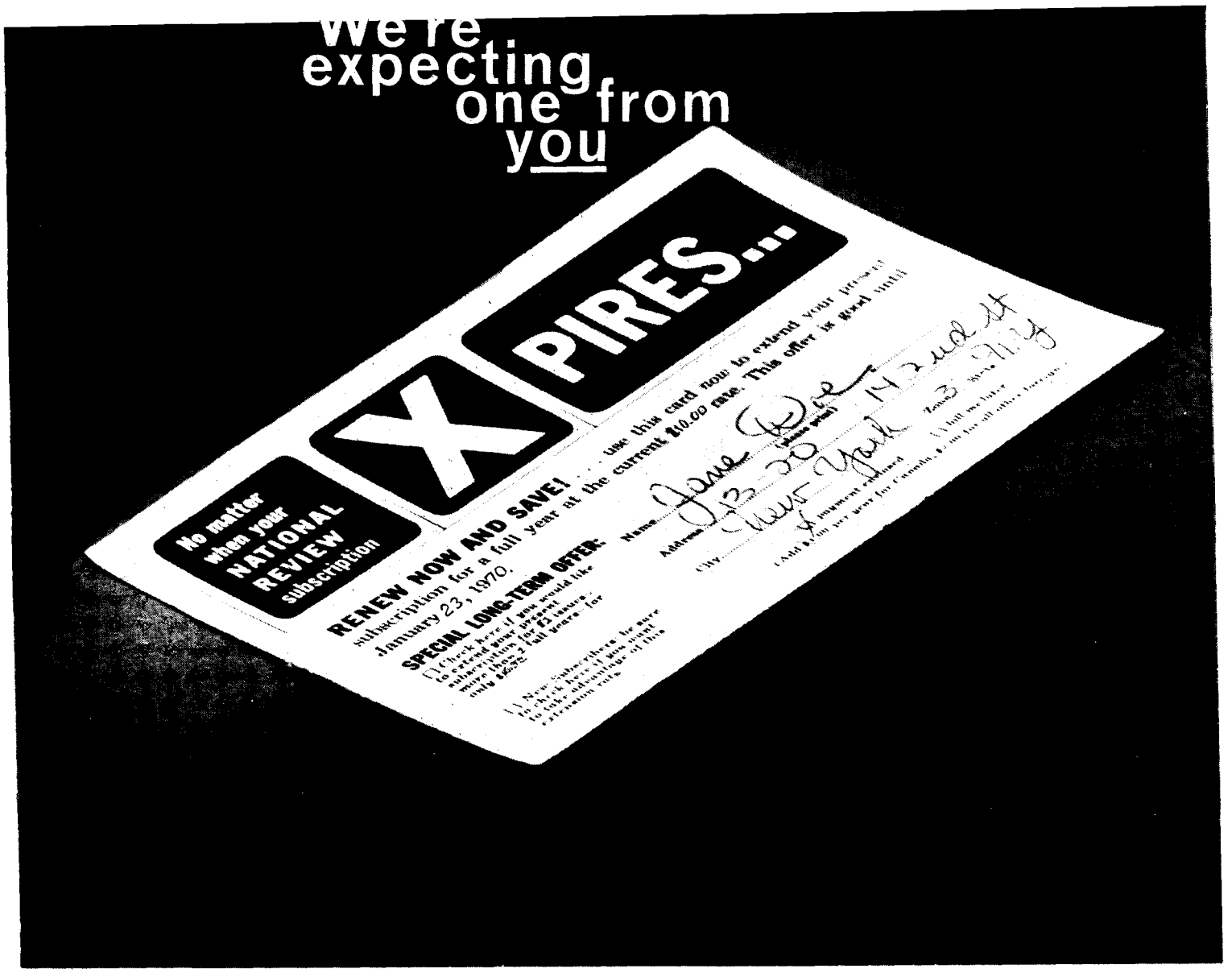

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publican Party based in the Heartland, South and California against a minority Democratic Party based in the Northeast and the Pacific Northwest." The older ruling coalition is disintegrating, the older liberal establishment being pushed to the margin: and it is symptomatic of these shifts that when Agnew pointed to the intellectual bankruptcy of the liberal media his observations were accepted throughout most of the country as overdue statements of plain fact.

From the perspective of 1969, the Goldwater nomination grows ever larger in significance, for despite his defeat by LBJ, Goldwater's candidacy was the catalyst which accelerated the changes taking place within the GOP; and Goldwater, who, significantly enough, was disdained by liberaldom as a know-nothing, succeeded in raising—though prematurely in 1964 electoral terms—the issues central to 1968 and to the decade ahead of us: law and order, the volunteer army, decentralization, reform of welfare legislation, America's stance in Asia, the dangers of constitutional libertinism, the utility of legislation in matters of race relations, the moral bases of our system. Johnson's landslide in 1964 begins to look very much like the victory of the Republican Party in 1928: a last hurrah for an obsolete establishment.

Beneath the turmoil and beyond the changing electoral patterns it is possible to detect important philosophical changes. To increasing numbers of people, the claims of liberalism seem less and less credible, and the capacity of liberalism to deal with reality on the campus, in the body politic, and in the world arena ever less impressive. Nor is this a uniquely American phenomenon. In England too there has emerged an articulate and important group of conservative intellectuals. It is important to recognize, in addition, the significance of the New Left in the pathology of liberalism. The New Left arose principally as a byproduct of liberal decay, and functions as a critic—from within—of liberal impotence. Liberalism, in Abbie Hoffman's witty *aperçu*, amounts to the attitude that "God is dead, and we did it for the kids." Indeed, as the Sixties drew to a close, the only known surviving heirs of the New Deal were Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Hubert Humphrey, who will be placed on exhibition, to satisfy the curious, at the first World's Fair of the 1970s. As John Dryden wrote in the year 1700, another hinge of time: "'Tis well an old age is out/And Time to begin a new."

Audley, *London Daily Telegraph* Ben Roth Agency

"For what we are about to receive . . . additives and antibiotics notwithstanding . . ."

Life's Sixties

In its full-scale review of the Sixties, *Life* Magazine did not bother to mention one event of considerable importance: the sudden lurch to the left of both *Time* and *Life* after the death of their creator, Henry Luce. As a matter of fact *Life* didn't have to mention this change, for the entire issue of the magazine grossly embodied it. Scarcely a single Libcult cliché was omitted.

There was of course the saccharine optimism which, Pangloss-like, finds ground for satisfaction in confrontation, riot and institutional breakdown: "In the record of history the times of greatest change and progress are never tranquil [small comfort, say, to King Priam] . . . but out of such travail other times have yielded better worlds." It worshiped uncritically at the shrine of Youth, noting that young "demonstrators in Chicago's Grant Park exulted in their principles as well as in their age, claiming for it moral qualities that perhaps it really had"—though how a mere chronological fact can become a moral one defies rational analysis.

Highly pleasurable self-flagellation is part of the syndrome. Thus, the Beatles' songs "have provided a disarming [pun?] but trenchant [sic—yes, pun] critique of their elders' foibles." Some editorial Tartuffe, no doubt just before stepping into his Ferrari, deplored "the inane materialism of our age." When it suited the editorial purpose, fake history was retailed: Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* "struck a resonant note in a whole generation." To test this one, station yourself at the crossroads and ask the first dozen adolescents you meet to recite for you a line or two from that poem. *Life*'s description of the internal security problem of the 1950s was a caricature, though a predictable one, of the truth: "Throughout the Fifties we had been on a security binge—building a breastwork of armaments and alliances against enemies abroad; hounding non-conformists with charges of treason. . . ." Wait a minute. Is "non-conformist" an adequate description of, say, Hiss, the Rosenbergs, Harry Dexter White, or the principals in the *Amerasia* case?

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On and on it goes. A hippie family in its pad is "a scene from an earlier America—the nobly bearded patriarch and his family clustered together in the evening in a rude dwelling. . . ."

In a gratuitous insult to the last ten Misses America, *Life* indulged in the secret bigotry of the counter-culture: anti-Waspism—symmetrical features being emblematic of the philistine ideal of the majority culture. Under photographs of the last ten winners, it quoted some unnamed liberal theologian who made the bigotry explicit: "Are these virtually indistinguishable specimens of middle-class postadolescence really the best we can do?" [Dig that parson: "postadolescence"!]

Why are *Life* and *Time* going in for this sort of thing? First of all. when the restraining influence of Henry Luce was removed, a palace revolution occurred and the routine lib-leftism of the intellectual-communications complex asserted itself. And second, a marketing decision was apparently made by *Time-Life* to contest *Newsweek*'s and *Look*'s monopoly of this segment of the market. Among other things, it is such a bore.

Back into Focus

The Arab-Israeli struggle will, very probably, be 1970's War of the Year. Public interest in Vietnam is gradually subsiding; Nigeria-Biafra—though the bloodiest show by far—has all along attracted only a specialized audience. But the scale of operations in the Mideast has been rising rapidly, almost as if in inverse response to the Vietnam de-escalation. Infiltrations box the compass; there are no bombing halts along the Suez or the Israel-Jordan border.

With this the outlook, Secretary of State Rogers' adjustment of our Mideast policy is both timely and fortunate. The American Government had become boxed into a position that destroyed its freedom of action and leverage in relation to the Mideast and the entire Arab world. Through this shift by the Nixon Administration, we should regain at least something of both.

What, essentially, has changed? The United States and Great Britain were the chief sponsors of the state of Israel. Since its establishment in 1948, there has been a special relation between Israel and the United States. Not only have American citizens, acting in their private capacity, contributed hundreds of millions of dollars to Israel. The United States Government has also during most of these 21 years—with the notable exception of the 1956 Sinai-Suez incident in Dwight Eisenhower's Presidentcy—manifested in a variety of ways its special concern with Israel's development, well-being and security. American officials and would-be officials have found frequent occasion to express and commend a special American commitment to Israel. This was the substantial fact of the matter, even though the special relation was not embodied in any explicit document, and was formally denied. And since this was the fact, the other nations in Israel's geographic region would have resented the discrimination even if they were themselves friendly to Israel. In times of active conflict, such as these three years just past, the resentment tends toward open hostility.

The Nixon Administration is correcting this imbalance. Its move is not in the least "anti-Israel," though ardent Israel supporters are denouncing it as such, nor is it "pro-Arab." Secretary Rogers is simply trying to regain what should have been our posture all along: of non-discrimination, of an "even-handed attitude" (in his phrase) toward nations with all of which we seek the normal, friendly relations that accord with our own national interest.

Secretary Rogers has applied his even-handed attitude to the issues of the present Mideast war, and has thereby arrived at the proposals first secretly communicated to Moscow in October and then made public after a four-power conference at the UN on December 18. These proposals were immediately denounced by both the Israelis and the Arabs, and promptly thereafter by Moscow as well as by traditionally pro-Israel Americans like Hubert Humphrey. The combined critique suggests that Secretary Rogers has made good on his promise of even-handedness.

The Rogers proposals—of Israeli withdrawal from most of the territory conquered in 1967, Arab commitment to peace and the recognition of Israeli sovereignty, security guarantees, joint jurisdiction in Jerusalem, suppression of guerrilla raids, negotiation of further disputed issues—have no chance of quick acceptance, and it may be that history has left some of them behind. But they do serve at least the one essential American purpose: to demonstrate publicly the corrected American perspective and position. This means that the U.S. Government is now much better placed to approach the Mideast problems flexibly and objectively.

It also means that a drop of hope has been added. In spite of the immediate total rejection by both sides, the Rogers proposals are now on the table. They become starting points for future discussion and negotiation. And future negotiation of some sort is not absolutely excluded, however unlikely it seems at the moment. Both sides have powerful and growing inducements to reach a settlement. To begin with, neither has any prospect of a conclusive military victory within the foreseeable future. The military advantages Israel gains from the conquered territories are counterbalanced by the dangers from the expanded and expanding Arab population. The Arab governments know that the same guerrillas now operating against Israel are a longer-term revolutionary threat to the existing Arab regimes. And for both sides the war is very expensive. Rational and utilitarian considerations do not necessarily determine what happens when men start fighting. But there is a chance that reason and interest may take hold in the Mideast, given a sufficient push from without. With the shift in the U.S. position, all major powers except the

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Soviet Union are in general agreement on the Mideast situation. They all want the war to end, and they agree fairly well on the terms for ending it. The Soviet Union may just possibly find itself odd man out this round.

New Left v. National Security

A row of red brick buildings on a narrow street in Cambridge, Massachusetts houses some of the most advanced technological research in the world. This is the famous Instrumentation Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. About half of its current budget of $54 million comes from the Pentagon, the rest from NASA. Since 1941, the I-Lab has been performing vital research for the government. Its first notable achievement, for example, was the Mk. 14 anti-aircraft lead-computing gunsight. When this sight was first used in 1942 on the anti-aircraft guns of the *USS South Dakota*, an attacking force of 32 Japanese planes was shot down to the last plane. The I-Lab has gone on from there, developing the guidance systems which are essential to our missiles, performing vital research for the Apollo program, working on the Poseidon missile. The I-Lab's staff of scientists and engineers is unsurpassed. But in the eyes of MIT radicals, the I-Lab is guilty of imperialistic crimes against humanity.

Periodically the street outside the I-Lab has filled with milling students and assorted demonstrators who wave Vietcong flags, scuffle with the police, and shake their fists at the men working behind the heavily barred windows. The chant goes up: "Shut it down. . . Shut it down. . . Ho! Ho! Ho Chi Minh! The NLF is gonna win!"

A committee called the Pounds Panel, hastily assembled by MIT President Howard Johnson to reexamine policy toward the I-Lab, is heavily weighted with New Leftists. Named as student panelists, for example, were Jonathan Kabat, a prominent campus extremist, and George Katsiaficas, who, when he is not meditating on the fate of the I-Lab, is a leader in MIT's Rosa Luxemburg chapter of the SDS. The Panel predictably proved submissive to the demands of the Left: the key word now is "conversion"—the I-Lab is to be "converted" to work on such civilian projects as urban transportation and pollution. The future of the laboratory, accordingly, is very much in doubt. The new director, Prof. Charles L. Miller, hopes to *add* the civilian projects to the regular work of the laboratory, but admits that the radical agitation will continue; and morale among the staff of specialists has plummeted.

A compromise suggestion that the laboratory be divorced from MIT was successfully resisted by the Left, which wishes to retain its influence over the research projects undertaken there. The *éminence grise* of the MIT Left is Prof. Noam Chomsky, a scholar in linguistics, who views America as an imperialist oppressor. Chomsky opposes separating the laboratory from the university because, as he says, "there is no particular point in trying to develop pure universities in a criminal society. I would rather have the laboratories right in the middle of the campus, where their presence could be used to politicize future engineers, for instance, rather than having them hidden away somewhere while the campus is perfectly clean and cloistered."

The situation at MIT, where such individuals as Chomsky can actually exert powerful influence on decisions involving the national security, is just plain intolerable. The ideologues have in effect forced us to the point where vital research may need to be carried on under military auspices. Since there is no sign that the American campus is likely to be normalized politically in the foreseeable future, the Administration must now seriously consider setting up such vital research and development facilities under some form of public corporation, or under federal rather than academic control.

The New Realism

Last summer, Nelson Rockefeller conducted what amounted to a personal riot through twenty of Latin America's 24 states. In Bolivia, for example, his reception was so enthusiastic that he limited his visit to two hours at the La Paz airport. Upon his return to Washington, he and Richard Nixon doubtless compared fond memories: "Now, when I was in Caracas. . ." "But you should have seen them in La Paz. . ."

Small wonder, then, that the most notable part of Rockefeller's 137-page report on Latin America stresses the danger of subversion, the menace of future Castros, and advocates intensified measures—including more military aid—to forestall political disintegration. In contrast to the formalistic attitude of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, which looked with favor only on democratically elected governments, the Rockefeller report observes realistically that the social and cultural bases for democracy do not exist in many Latin American countries—as they do not exist in many countries, period—and that in fact military regimes may very well not only reflect popular aspirations but be agents of stability and progress as well. In his address on Latin America, President Nixon went along with this judgment. In view of the "enormous, sometimes explosive forces for change," he said, "we must deal realistically with governments in the inter-American system as they are."

Among the eighty other recommendations in the report, some, if ultimately adopted as Administration policy, are bound to run into stiff opposition in the Congress. President Nixon agreed with Rockefeller, for example, that Latin America should be granted preferential trade treatment in the U.S.—which would open the door to Latin American industrial products. But

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since Congress is in a protectionist mood, the prospects for this legislation are doubtful at best. The conflict between foreign policy and various domestic interests must be faced elsewhere as well: Rockefeller recommended that we untie the strings on much aid, so that, for example, dollars loaned to Latin America could be spent in Japan or Europe when prices there are lower. This will encounter stiff resistance, especially from the ship-building industry, but in the long run it is a sound proposal and in the national interest: U.S. industry must be competitive, and not rely on the concealed subsidy involved in aid "regulations."

In its over-all tendency the Rockefeller report was in harmony with what can be called the new realism of the Nixon Administration. It accepted Latin anti-Americanism as a fact of life, taking toward it the tough-minded attitude befitting a great power. The report avoided the grandiose preachments and ideological furbelows of the Alliance for Progress and LBJ's Decade of Urgency. And though it made sensible recommendations it was informed by the knowledge that many problems are resistant to U.S. money and influence.

After the Fall

He looked heavier and healthier and, although his hair was grayer, a good ten years younger than that day in March 1968 when he shook the nation with the announcement that he would not run again for the Presidency.

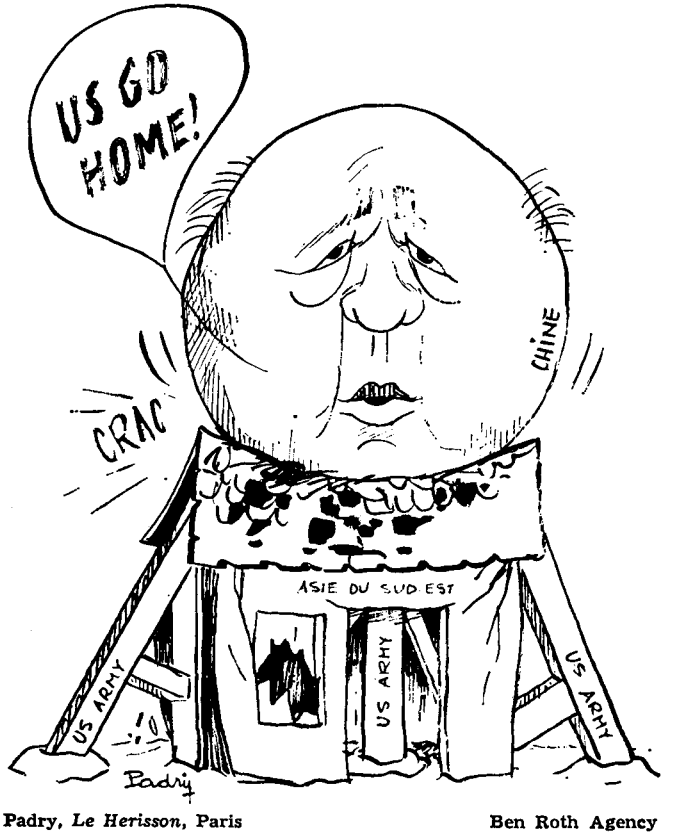
The occasion was the first of the three taped television conversations between Lyndon B. Johnson and Walter Cronkite, for which CBS reportedly paid $300,000. It was an uneven performance, for a while almost touching, as when LBJ explained, in a way which left no room for doubt about his sincerity, why he always felt uneasy as President: "First of all, it's been very clear to me that [I had] certain serious disadvantages . . . upbringing in a poor setting, limited educational advantages, geography, where my mother was when I was born and the prejudices that did exist, and in general, summed up in one sentence, a general inability to stimulate and inspire and unite all the people of this country, which I think is an essential function of the Presidency."

A bit maudlin, granted, but an accurate summation of the views of those within his party and among the media men who turned on him so venomously, those genteel liberal snobs.

But there's a little more, of course, and although prepared to pity, you suddenly remembered other things as the interview progressed. The whole involved business of notes to and from Lady Bird, for instance, way back in '64, discussing why he shouldn't run, didn't come across. True, he was pilloried by the press because of "my manner, my style," and true that the media men "twisted and imagined and built and magnified," and also true that "it was their credibility gap." But it was also his, and then you realized that the whole elaborate story of domestic notes—notwithstanding that they might indeed have been exchanged, as a part of the psychological domestic infrastructure—had been constructed to convince us that he really didn't worry at all about McCarthy or Kennedy or Fulbright, but just got out of it all because he felt like it. No, he insisted, he wasn't in any sort of political trouble at all, and he could have whipped any of them if he'd decided to run.

And it happened. The eyes narrowed and darted rapidly back and forth, the shoulders hunched, the voice lowered and shifted into a nonstop often disconnected mumble. The expression was that old foxy-grandpa look that used to take over during tough press conferences, the look that one always expected to turn wild as he shouted something like "We are your only President." Cronkite's face seemed suddenly frozen, fearful, and the TV cameraman, for no good reason, focused on Johnson's hands, almost as if he expected the ball bearings to appear. And as soon as he could decently do so, Cronkite changed the subject.

Many of LBJ's pronouncements will be debated for years. He may well have been right, for instance, about the effect of Humphrey's Salt Lake City speech, but perhaps not for the right reasons. It may be that the speech did lose him the election, but not so much for what it said about policy as for what it said about Humphrey's vacillation and indecisiveness. The question for weeks after the speech was "What'd he say?" And in the end, one suspects that Nixon won mainly because it was his year, with Humphrey's final surge explained simply by the fact that there are more regular Democrats than Republicans.



Padry, *Le Herisson*, Paris — Ben Roth Agency

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And so, a controversial show, and a fascinating one. Some pity, some sorrow, some irritation. Irritation because of that stiff-necked streak which must always demand complete self-justification; sorrow that a man a bit larger than life, the archetypal American, helped to bring on his own doom because of an inability to recognize his tragic flaw of pride; and pity because this big man was so mercilessly hounded. And frightening to be reminded that the fate of an entire nation is so tightly wound up with the strengths and weaknesses of a single human being.

Notes & Asides

■ In the next issue, we will name the ($500) winner of the 1969 Prophet of the Year Contest. In the succeeding issue, we shall come forward with the 1970 Prophet of the Year Contest. Meanwhile, for the record, and taking what chances one takes in giving the correct answers when, actually, two days are left in 1969 at the time this is written, be it recorded that:

1, The membership of Richard Nixon's cabinet *is* identical with the starting lineup.

2. Enoch Powell has *not* been expelled from the Conservative Party, nor should he be.

3. The UN General Assembly did *not* approve a resolution to admit Communist China to UN membership.

4. A single motion picture *did* win more than five academy awards (*Oliver!*), and deserved to do so.

5. Indeed, the Suez Canal remains closed to navigation.

6. Indeed, U.S. astronauts landed on the moon and returned to earth.

7. No, neither one college president nor one dean was shot during 1969.

8. No, J. Edgar Hoover is still the head of the FBI.

9. Yes, the franc was devalued by 5 per cent or more.

10. No, the *New York Times* is not publishing a political cartoon on its daily editorial page.

11. Johnny Carson is *still* the host of the *Tonight* show.

12. No. the price of gold on the London market does *not* exceed $42 an ounce, far from it.

13. No, the New York Giants did not beat the New York Jets in their preseason exhibition game.

14. No, Jacqueline Onassis did not give birth to a baby.

15. True, at least one of the following is no longer a head of government: Francisco Franco, Charles de Gaulle, Mao Tse-tung.

16. Indeed, John V. Lindsay was re-elected mayor of New York City.

17. Absolutely and utterly false that at least two of the following died: Bertrand Russell, Antonio Salazar, Harry Truman, Pablo Casals, Pablo Picasso.

18. No, President Nixon did not appoint at least two justices to the Supreme Court—Haynsworth's failure to achieve confirmation left him with a nomination, as distinguished from an appointment.

19. None of the following ceased to be published: *Avant-Garde, U.S. News & World Report, Town and Country, Harpers* and the *Nation.*

20. God only knows, the Dow-Jones Industrial Index is *not* higher than it was on December 31, 1968.

21. Yes, Nguyen Van Thieu is still the head of the South Vietnamese government.

22. At least two of the following are not in jail: Jerry Rubin, Dr. Spock, Eldridge Cleaver, Muhammad Ali, Odinga Oginga; where most of them belong.

23. 25,000 or more foreign troops *do* remain in Czechoslovakia, notwithstanding that of course the cold war has ended.

24. It still costs only (!) six cents to mail a first class letter.

25. No, New York City public schools did not close down at least once because of labor or staff disputes; they were exhausted from the closing down they did in the fall of 1968.

So that, for those of you who kept copies of your answers, the contestant was 100 per cent accurate who wrote down: 1. F; 2. F; 3. F; 4. F; 5. T; 6. T; 7. F; 8. F; 9. T; 10. F; 11. F; 12. F; 13. F; 14. F; 15. T; 16. T; 17. F; 18. F; 19. F; 20. F; 21. T; 22. F; 23. T; 24. T; 25. F.

According to the rules, if there is a tie the entry with the answer closest to the fact, "According to the latest Publisher's Sworn Statement, the circulation of NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine is . . ." will win. That answer: 128,154.

I hope you all win.

■ Dear Bill: There is no truth whatsoever to your statement—10/27/69 NATIONAL REVIEW—that I did my best to get the President "to talk the situation over with Moratorium leaders." I trust you will so inform your readers.

Sincerely,
Charles H. Percy, U.S.S.

The Senator's letter, dated November 26, was received December 22, hence delay. No NATIONAL REVIEW *appeared on 10/27/69. But NR for 11/4/69 did (p. 1090, "For The Record") mistakenly say that Senator Percy had talked to the President about meeting with the Moratorium leaders. What we should have said was that Senator Percy urged the President to cease-fire in Vietnam. Sorry about that.* —*WFB*

■ The annual Index, which heretofore we have published in NATIONAL REVIEW, will henceforward be published separately, and of course bound in automatically in the bound volumes. It will be sent automatically to all libraries that subscribe to *NR*, i.e., all libraries of any note. And to any individual reader who desires one. Price, $1. Please write: Index, NATIONAL REVIEW. —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

LENIN'S SECRET

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The Communist world has already begun celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the man who, born Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov on April 22, 1870, entered history—not, as he would have said, by accident—under his party pseudonym of Lenin. *All* the nations of the Communist world are joining unreservedly in the celebration. Revisionist and adventurist, Stalinist and Maoist, liberal and conservative, Titoist and Castroite, each hails Lenin and declares himself Lenin's heir and faithful disciple. Such universal popularity must be deserved.

Lenin is our century's greatest man, its foremost hero, if we strip the concept of "great man" and "hero" of all moral connotations and measure it only by effect on one's time. Hypotheses contrary to historical fact are notoriously slippery, but the record seems to demonstrate conclusively that without Lenin the Russian Bolshevik revolution would not have succeeded. The Bolshevik revolution was unquestionably the decisive event of our age—perhaps, as Lenin believed, of all history.

Lenin *was* the revolution. No other man has been so totally identified with his cause. Apart from the revolution, the adult Lenin did not exist. In an article published last month in the *London Times* (but forbidden publication in his Leninism-professing homeland) Milovan Djilas remarks: "Lenin's personality seems to have had no subsistent being apart from the theory and practice of revolutionary Marxism. His relationship with Nadezhda Krupskaya, with whom he became intimately associated in 1894 and who remained completely devoted to him until his death, and indeed later, was as much a political, even a party, relationship as one of sentiment. Moreover, even his infatuation for Inessa Armand, whom he met in Paris in 1910 and with whom he remained in close touch until his death in 1920, did not, it would appear, step beyond the bounds of party comradeship, nor did it leave any visible signs upon his personality. No human being succeeded in capturing his affection, nor on the other hand"—Djilas adds, remarking here an utter difference between Lenin and Stalin—"did anyone ever become the object of his personal hatred. And in every other respect Lenin's character showed the same pattern. In the fifty volumes of his writings there is not a single word that is not functional: a clarification of revolutionary theory, or a counsel for revolutionary practice. . . . His energy was inexhaustible, his intelligence sharp and penetrating, his conviction unshakable—at all times exclusively in the service of the revolution."

Many of the millions of words that will be churned out for the centennial will be devoted to Lenin's "creative contributions to Marxism." Endless panegyrics will discuss Lenin's conception of imperialism as "the highest stage of capitalism," Lenin's analysis of "the nature of the state," Lenin's account of "the dictatorship of the proletariat," Lenin's dissection of epistemology and "empirio-criticism," etc. etc. Most of this will be hogwash. If Lenin's place in history rested on his achievements as a creative theorist, he would already be reduced to footnotes in doctoral dissertations. At his theoretical best, Lenin was no more than a recapitulator of Marx; for the most part, his theoretical attempts—in economics, history, philosophy—were confused and wrong.

Men or Conditions?

There is one theory, and one only, that is the core and essence of Leninism, though it can hardly be called a theory because it is inseparable from practice and means nothing except as translated into practice. It has roots in Blanqui and Nechaev and in the traditions of the Jesuit order, but Lenin carried it to its final, historical catalytic stage. This central idea is *the party*.

From his beginning as a revolutionist, Lenin attacked theories of "spontaneity." By this term he meant the widely held belief that the masses would develop "revolutionary consciousness" and thereafter go on to make the revolution as a "spontaneous" result of their own direct experience of their daily hardships and struggles. Lenin held that on their own the masses could not rise "higher" than "trade union consciousness": that is, the realization that they would have to band together in strong organizations to improve their lot. "Revolutionary consciousness" could come only from conscious, active, professional revolutionists: from the party. The key problem of the revolution is the forging of the party of professional revolutionists, combining the natures of army, church and conspiracy in a historically novel "dialectical fusion."

For Lenin, conceiving of the party was inseparable from building it ("the union of theory and practice"). In 1917 he and his party were there, able to act decisively even though neither he nor any of his leading associates had realized beforehand that a revolutionary situation was at hand. And, in a dialectical paradox, it was for the sake of that party and the revolution with which they believed it ineluctably linked that, at the Show Trials fifteen years later, the greatest of Lenin's colleagues sacrificed not only their lives—which they had willingly risked often before—but their own revolutionary name and honor.

Thus, in one more dialectical inversion ("negation of the negation"), Lenin, committed in abstract theory to a doctrine of historical determinism, acted in practice on a dynamic interpretation of Marx' ambiguous dictum that "men make history." One more negation completes this paradox. Our own liberal and social-democratic ideologues, committed in theory to the primacy and responsibility of the individual, propose and act in practice on the determinist doctrine that economic and social "conditions" explain events and decide them. Crime, violence, drug addiction, revolutions are caused by poverty, ignorance and other abstractions. The abstraction, money, is their universal cure. □

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LETTERS TO WM. F. BUCKLEY

Odyssey of a Friend

In December of 1953, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy was given to read the galleys of McCarthy and His Enemies, *by William F. Buckley and L. Brent Bozell, which would be published the following March by the Henry Regnery Company of Chicago. Senator McCarthy reported back that he found the book to be hypercritical and that some of his friends thought it would do him net damage. Henry Regnery sent a set of galleys, along with the Senator's comments, to his friend Whittaker Chambers, who replied:*

Jan. 14, 1954

Dear Henry,

Please take my order for the co-authors' book right away.

In my opinion, the Senator hasn't got a leg to stand on. I don't see how, in the end, he can fail to realize that the book does him the great service of stating his case with understanding, clarity, cogency, good humor, knowingness and more generosity than many would be inclined to indulge simply on the face of some of the cited facts. Besides, the authors have managed to make it all readable from start to end. This is a feat. For, as the picture unfolds, the awful sense begins to invade you, like a wave of fatigue, that the Senator is a bore, for the same reason that Rocky Marcinano (if that is his name) is a bore to people who are not exclusively interested in fist-throwing. The Senator is not like Truman, a swift jabber who does his dirty work with a glee that is infectiously impish; nor, like F. D. Roosevelt, an artful and experienced ringmaster whose techniques may be studied again and again and again. The Senator, the authors make it all too clear, is a heavy-handed slugger who telegraphs his fouls in advance. What is worse, he has to learn from consequences or counselors that he has fouled. I know he thinks this is a superior technique that the rest of us are too far behind to appreciate. But it is repetitious and unartful, and, with time, the repeated dull thud of the low blow may serve to be the real factor in his undoing. Not necessarily because the blow is low, or because he lacks heart and purpose, but because he lacks variety, and, in the end, simply puts the audience to sleep.

As always,
Whittaker

Henry Regnery showed me the letter, and I prevailed on the promotion manager to wire Whittaker Chambers to ask whether he would be willing to write a blurb on the book for promotional use. He replied by telegram that he did not want his name to be used in any way. And followed with a letter.

Feb. 7, 1954

Dear Mr. Buckley,

I am deeply concerned that my refusal to write a blurb for your book should not offend or wound you; that you should understand the reasons for it and for my bluntness. You may be sure that they have nothing to do with my regard for you. They involve considerations beyond you and me, which I find over-riding.

The first of these is the Hiss Case. I suppose we can agree, in general, that the Hiss Case is still the heart of the anti-Communist fight here, and that by it most of the rest stands or falls. At least, I am sure that the enemy has few doubts about it. Nor need anyone else who stops for a moment to think what would happen if that were in any serious way compromised or impaired.

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One way whereby I can most easily help Communism is to associate myself publicly with Senator McCarthy: to give the enemy even a minor pretext for confusing the Hiss Case with his activities, and rolling it all into a snarl with which to baffle, bedevil and divide opinion.

Do you doubt that, with the center crushed, the wings would quickly be rolled back and routed?

To that end the enemy works tirelessly and implacably. You may or may not know that, within the last two months, the Hiss defense again sought a retrial. The point is not that they failed again, but that they are ceaselessly at work. The Hiss Case is a permanent war; and the forces and money behind the enemy effort are formidable. In my opinion, we shall not know how formidable until Alger Hiss leaves prison. Then the guns will begin to go off.

In that critical case, I am not really a free agent and scarcely even an individual man. I am the witness on whom, to a great degree, it still all swings. The enemy is tirelessly seeking to discredit me. How I conduct myself, what I say and do, what forces and people I publicly associate myself with, are matters to be governed by no whim of mine. My reactions are a kind of public trust. They call for the most vigilant intelligence and careful judgment.

One way whereby I can most easily help Communism is to associate myself publicly with Senator McCarthy; to give the enemy even a minor pretext for confusing the Hiss Case with his activities, and rolling it all into a snarl with which to baffle, bedevil and divide opinion. That is why I told Senator McCarthy, when he asked me to keynote his last Wisconsin campaign, that we were fighting in the same war, but in wholly different battles, and that the nature of the struggle at this time enjoins that we should not wage war together. I do not think that the Senator really grasps this necessity. For it is more and more my reluctant opinion that he is a tactician, rather than a strategist; that he continually, by reflex rather than calculation, sacrifices the long view for the short pull.

Perhaps this is getting wordy. But I hope it will suggest why, as the government witness in the Hiss Case, I cannot move in the McCarthy controversy even by endorsing publicly a book which is of necessity a function of that controversy.

I must add that I by no means share all your conclusions. This is in part because I do not evaluate all the evidence as you do. In part it is because I believe that I have other evidence gleaned from my own first-hand observations of the Senator, or from the observations of others who are peculiarly well-posted to observe him. None of us are his enemies. All of us would like to be his partisans, if only because all are engaged in the same war. As it is, most of us make an effort to overlook certain matters or to give him the benefit of most doubts. But, all of us, to one degree or another, have slowly come to question his judgment and to fear acutely that his flair for the sensational, his inaccuracies and distortions, his tendency to sacrifice the greater objective for the momentary effect, will lead him and us into trouble. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that we live in terror that Senator McCarthy will one day make some irreparable blunder which will play directly into the hands of our common enemy and discredit the whole anti-Communist effort for a long while to come. For myself, I must say that the Bohlen episode, insofar as he involved me in it (together with certain other matters), was a shock more educative than ten years of merely reading the Senator's remarks.[1] Thereafter, I could not possibly view anything he does with my initial simplicity or without tacit caveat. I never publicly criticize the Senator. Whenever necessary, I defend him insofar as I find him defensible and bearing in mind the Hiss Case restrictions.

THUS, I believe your book is a good and necessary book, and I admire the way you have done it. But I could not write a blurb for it without making qualifications so strong that they would undo the purpose of the blurb, and would be in effect the very kind of criticism of Senator McCarthy which I do not wish to make.

These things are much more easily talked out than written about in a letter, and I look forward to a time when we may talk about them.

Sincerely,
Whittaker Chambers

1. Senator McCarthy had stoutly opposed the confirmation of Charles Bohlen as ambassador to the Soviet Union. At a crucial moment in the Senate debate, when it was expected that Senator McCarthy would document his case against Bohlen, he suddenly disappeared from Washington, and leaked to the press that he had gone to Westminster, Maryland to consult with Whittaker Chambers. At Westminster, McCarthy did not bring up Bohlen's name. But the Senator's visit had had the desired effect.

I wrote to say that I would greatly like to go to see him, and would bring along a friend, a professor of political science at Yale, Willmoore Kendall, who had actively defended Chambers on the campus during the Hiss trial and continued to do so as the occasion arose.

Feb. 25, 1954

Dear Mr. Buckley:

It is you who must bear with my wavy[2] script (and in pencil, to boot), for I am in bed for a while. Your letter greatly relieved me: I had been afraid of wounding you. By all means come on March 11 and bring Professor Kendall. Poor man! I don't think that he should endanger or exasperate his situation at Yale for my sake. The score, as the points are chalked up, clearly and boldly, more and more convinces me that the total situation is hopeless, past repair, organically irremediable. Almost the only position of spiritual dignity left to men, therefore, is a kind of stoic silence, made bearable by the amusement of seeing, hearing and knowing the full historical irony that its victims are blind and deaf to, and disciplined by the act of withholding comment on what we know. This may well be more of a posture than a position, and happily, none of us will be permitted to assume it, or could, without violating our own articulate imperative. By August, 1952, I was so certain that this was the proper course that I had made a decision not to write again (or only under exceptional circumstances) and had begun to re-assemble a dairy herd with the intention henceforth of dividing my talents between milking and mastitis. At that point, and in the cow barn itself, a fist came down on my head and I went down with this heart that makes it impossible for me to milk cows exclusively (or otherwise) again. And from that

2. WC wrote mostly by typewriter, but occasionally by hand. Some words are very difficult to decipher and, as in "wavy," are not rendered with full confidence.

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Perhaps four times in my life I have had this experience: I have sat down with a stranger and, with the first words, had the sense not of beginning, but of resuming a conversation that had been going on for years, and might well go on without effort for the rest of our lives. . . . The fourth instance you might guess. It was Alger and Priscilla Hiss. That is why no day passes without my dying a little at the thought of what befell them through me.

hour to this that indignity and defect has rankled every moment and raised the corrosive question: Why? But all this reminiscence was brought on by Professor Kendall, to whom my thanks, but whom I still counsel to silence as the better course.

I look forward to seeing you.

Sincerely,
Whittaker Chambers

Come anytime of the day. If you will take potluck, I am sure we can find some scraps of old ham or eggs or something to eat.

We spent several hours together. I wrote and thanked him effusively, and (evidently) raised a point or two concerning the nature of the opposition to Senator McCarthy (this was during the Army-McCarthy hearings).

April 7, 1954

Dear Buckley,

What follows is almost a textbook example of all that I hold a letter should not be—long, prolix and subjective. It should not be sent. But I shall send it because you must be answered, and I do not feel up to writing another. Perhaps you will file it among your curiosa.

It is not really a letter at all, but an effort to hold an urgent conversation. This I find most interesting. In general, I make friends with grudging slowness, and my true intimates are few. But perhaps four times in my life I have had this experience: I have sat down with a stranger, and, with the first words, had the sense, not of beginning, but of resuming a conversation that had been going on for years, and might well go on without effort for the rest of our lives. It happened to me first in my teens with a woman musician, half-German, half-Russian. We met by the improbable chance that we sat next to each other in a high school auditorium. World War I was on, and we began to talk about Middle European and Balkan politics as if we had always been talking about them. She died during World War II, but her shaping influence upon me will end only with my own death.

Much the same thing happened with Henry Regnery. He walked into my hotel room in Milwaukee not quite two years ago. In ten minutes, I felt as if I had known him always and that there was nothing that we could not discuss with complete trust and understanding. I am afraid that I had somewhat the same feeling about you. The fourth instance you might guess. It was Alger and Priscilla Hiss. That is why no day passes without my dying a little at the thought of what befell them through me. To me (and to my wife) they remain essentially what they were—the friends for whom our feeling never changes, but whom history forced me to make suffer. Judge Murphy[3] was right about this too. "I have always said," he wrote me a year or so ago, "that, if they were to change tomorrow, you would be friends with them again."

Thank you for the Butterfield[4] which I shall look for presently. I have been trying in vain to get a book called *The Rebel*, by Albert Camus, published by Knopf earlier this year. If you come across it anywhere, will you be good enough to send it on? I know the price and will send you a check for it.

Sincerely,
Whittaker Chambers

April 6, 1954

Dear Buckley,

There are two Apparats, as you know—the Communist and the socialist. I believe that it is prevailingly the displeasure of the second Apparat that you are now suffering. It can be stated, simply as an objective fact, that Senator McCarthy is a Communist target, set up on a worldwide scale. Their aim in recognizing the possibilities of this target is, as so often with Communists, not merely negative (the destruction of an enemy), but positive (an issue and activity around which to recruit mass support). Incidentally a similar appraisal helps to determine my "neutralism" in the matter. Precisely because the Communists do not have the American masses with them on this issue, they must, to be effective, work up the "classes" to a pitch. Fortunately for the CP, the first Apparat, that is easy to do. The second Apparat (socialism) is self-starting to a high degree, and the law of inertia can be counted on to do the rest with only a nudge now and then from the multitongued Agitprop. The socialist Apparat will eagerly do the rest. And almost everywhere and always, it is these people, rather than the masses, who have been the effective agents of Communist advance. Even when they are not the "classes" by origin, the socialists adapt themselves to the classes, and share their tone, habitats and superior venom. They are cobras, not pit vipers like the Communists. They strike with some precision and grace; and their bite produces paralysis, rather than the agonized swelling and mortification of the rattlers. (There may always be a point, of course, at which the masses become decisive for the CP, but that is another story, though it would be a mistake not to bear it in mind.)

The socialists are cobras, not pit vipers like the Communists. They strike with some precision and grace; and their bite produces paralysis, rather than the agonized swelling and mortification of the rattlers.

Now, the Communists recognized at once (or, more probably, after they had stirred things up a bit) that Senator McCarthy is a political godsend. The socialists like to note this disingenuously for their own political purposes, but the fact remains a fact. The reason is obvious. Not only does Senator McCarthy unite through fear the socialist Apparat and its far-flung free-masonry of fellow travelers (anybody who believes as an article of faith that a low voice is a sweet and modest thing in woman, and even in man; and that one does not bang one's spoon against one's cup whilst stirring one's tea). Equally important, Senator McCarthy *divides* the

3. Thomas F. Murphy, the prosecutor at the Hiss trial.
4. Herbert Butterfield's *Man on His Past: The Study of the Historical Scholarship.*

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ranks of the Right. Historically, this is inevitable. There have been a series of these divisive leaders, varying in this or that set of details—Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, General de Gaulle, etc. The Right, so long as it has vitality enough to fight back at all, must throw them up: they embody, inter alia, a way of fighting. Value judgments are not in point. The point is that their leadership never fails to divide the Right and unite the Left almost to the limits of its spectrum.

SENATOR MCCARTHY was almost made to order. He is a man fighting, almost wholly by instinct and intuition, against forces for the most part coldly conscious of their ways, means and ends. In other words, he scarcely knows what he is doing. He simply knows that somebody threw a tomato and the general direction from which it came. His general tactic might be epitomized in Samson's bright thought of setting fire to the foxes' tails and sending them helter-skelter against the enemy.[5] A tactic not altogether ruled out in a minor skirmish in a guerrilla war—but it is not a strategy; and repetition dooms it, not only to defeat, but to boredom.

Yet the Senator represents the one force that all shades of the Left really fear. This does not contradict what I have written above about his tactical inadequacy. It results from the fact that, in the U.S., the Left must take power by deception. This is peculiarly true of the socialist Apparat. Deception and secrecy, for the Communist Apparat, are only certain methods, among others, of working. But for the socialist Apparat, deception and secrecy are prerequisites for the actual taking of power in the state, which they have held before (New and Fair Deals), and which they feel within an eyelash of taking, and permanently consolidating, soon again. That is, they stand within an inch of closing the capitalist phase of history in the U.S. (hence in the world), and of rooting their power in its vast, fertilizing dinosauric corpse. But there is one prime condition: they may not do it as socialists. They may do it only as something else, due to the ingrained American aversion to the word, socialism. By repeatedly lighting his foxes' tails and loosing them indiscriminately toward the Left, the Senator repeatedly calls the attention of the antisocialist masses to the fact that the socialist Apparat exists; and worse, that the socialist and Communist Apparats coexist, blend at certain points of tactic and purpose; have been, and are, auxiliaries, although, no doubt, it is the socialist intention, as Franklin Roosevelt once noted for passing political effect, to lie in wait for the Communists on the day of reckoning. That day is the *Machtergreifung*, the seizure of power; and it is that seizure of power that the Senator constantly imperils. He alone on the Right, at this moment, *visibly* imperils it. So both Apparats, the cobras and the pit vipers, converge on him.

I do not believe that the Senator [McCarthy] has what it takes to win the fight for the Right. I believe that Richard Nixon may have some of what it takes. I believe it the more readily because the Left also believes it. . . . Never suppose that the Left has finished with Nixon.

They also converge on anybody in any way associated with him: where such association is nonexistent or demure, strategy calls for forcible association with the main target (real guilt by association) of anybody who can remotely be linked with him. See Granville Hicks' effort (a typical Stalinist "amalgam" device) in the *New Leader* week before last [March 22, 1954].

This presumptuous preface is my pedantic way of pointing out that, of course, your lectures and other appearances are being canceled.[6] You are articulate (rare on the Right) and, therefore, all the more nicked for proscription. This is why, to glance at smaller matters, the *Saturday Review* wired me to review your book, hoping, under the guise of a fraudulent fairness, to draw me toward the fangs with the coil thus generously looped out. This is why, too, even if no other considerations were in play, the situation enjoins me to stand clear of the McCarthy brawl.

But, as you know, I do not believe that the Senator has what it takes to win for the Right. I believe that Richard Nixon may have some of what it takes. I believe it the more readily because the Left also believes it. Therefore, it sought to eliminate him at the start (of course, only as one detail of a wider strategy). Never suppose that the Left has finished with Nixon. But the Senator has proved a more available target; while Nixon has proved a more elusive strategist, and his methods and success are the more baffling (at least, momentarily) because they did not think he had it in him; and perhaps because they feel that they can eliminate him in the general wreck of the Administration. For the present, that is sound tactics. But, once Senator McCarthy is pruned back, they will get on with the Vice President. As they will get on with me. One of the incidental values of Senator McCarthy as a target has been that he distracts attention from the Hiss Case, which remains the prime danger to the Left in that field. And this, both for what is past and because, if even one of the inner Hiss circle, say, Lee Pressman, should tell the truth, the political effect would be to blow the Left down for a season.

SO, FOR A TIME, the Vice President is classified, while the Left offensive in the Hiss Case is waged subterraneously, out of public sight, in publishers' offices (including Random House[7]: see C. C. Wertenbaker's novel[8]) and lawyers' chambers (another attempt at a Hiss appeal was made, unknown to most citizens, at the end of 1953). Look for other detonations before the year is out, although, for the general political purposes of the Left. that might prove unwise. But, then, we must not suppose that the Left always acts wisely or as a unit. There are other factors, including Hiss's personal vindictiveness which, to some degree, brought the disaster of his case on the Left in the first place; and also the wider intention of the Communists to exploit his case for their own ends, at which point their purposes are not at one with the socialist Apparat.

Of course, in the larger sense, I believe that the bigger battle is lost in advance. This is nothing new with me. At heart, I have scarcely ever, if at all, believed anything else. My remark about "the losing side" aroused more con-

5. Book of Judges 15:4.

6. The reference is to a lecture or two which had been scheduled, and then, after the notoriety caused by the publication of *McCarthy and His Enemies*, canceled.

7. Publishers of *Witness*.
8. *The Death of Kings*.

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I never really hoped to do more in the Hiss Case than give the children of men a slightly better, only slightly better, chance to fight a battle already largely foredoomed. I rejoice that I could make the effort, and I should rather never have lived than not have made it. But I had, and have, no illusions, or few.

cern among good folk than almost anything else in *Witness*. Moreover, I held this so strongly that in a passage, which so far as I know nobody has noticed, I said flatly that I felt that the cause I fought for was so powerless to help itself that even God had given up. This is the passage about my thoughts in the Wall Street district after the expert had mistakenly postdated the manufacture of the microfilm. I never really hoped to do more in the Hiss Case than give the children of men a slightly better, only slightly better, chance to fight a battle already largely foredoomed. I rejoice that I could make the effort, and I should rather never have lived than not have made it. But I had, and have, no illusions, or few. This is at the root of my endemic hopelessness, made deceptive to most people by my temperamental buoyancy. It is part of the climate that has taken vengeance on my heart—overweight and work are only incidental factors, though of the kind that the secular world puts its faith in. This, too, was at the root of much of my vacillation in the past. I have for years been fascinated by the Book of Jonah, and I said to a few at the time that that was the pattern of the Hiss Case. Therefore, in a sense, I fled to Tarshish with the dread words in my ears: "Go up unto Nineveh, that great city, etc." But when the tempest rose and it became a question of myself or the crew, I had also to say: "Take me up and cast me into the sea, because it is for my sake that this trouble is come upon you." That is why Jonah's words in the belly of the whale[9] also appear in the Wall Street passage in *Witness*—by intention, the only Biblical quote in the book. But, in the end, I did go unto Nineveh, and when nothing really happened (nothing did), and when the ADA worms and others had eaten up the cucumber vine, and God had asked: "Do you well to be angry?" I answered and still answer: "I do well to be angry, even unto death." For I always knew that, as we would say, you cannot turn back the clock of history.

But that is why, too, the generosity behind your remark about original sin (so obviously untrue as not even to raise the issue of impiety) is, nevertheless, justified to this extent: that against the clear and forceful evidence of my own mind, I will always give my body to be burned if, by so doing, our children are given even that slightly better chance against the falling night. And the sure knowledge that that is what God is demanding of me in not permitting me to die is the seed of my private agony and the secret of my heart attacks. For only I know what God has said to me, and I have told no one, not even a priest. Those collapses which the world sees are due to the tension between my feeling that I do not have, as a man, the strength to do what will be laid on me, and the horror of knowing that, when it is laid on me, I shall do it. In sum, what have I to do with Senator McCarthy? What this cause must have is not a leader to lead it to success (historically, that is almost impossible), but a martyr to perpetuate what in it is alone worth preserving. Inevitably, that man must fight with the force of his human life against martyrdom. If, in that fight, he dies before his work is done, what he stood for will fail to that extent. If he is doomed to live, he will end more dreadfully, but what he stood for will live to the extent of his submissive agony. "Do you know," Judge Murphy wrote me, "that witness in Greek means martyr?" Of course, he knew that I knew; he knows me better than most living men. How odd that most of the world seems to have missed the point in *Witness*; that it seems to suppose that I said "Destroy Communism and you can go back to business as usual." Of course, what I really said was: "This struggle is universal and mortal, and only *by means of* it, on condition that you are willing to die that your faith may live, can you conceivably recover the greatness which is in the souls of men. Therefore, I go a little in advance —to try to win for you that infinitesimal slightly better chance." If the bourgeoisie understood *Witness* aright, they would raise the war cry of their revolutionary heyday, and rush me "to the lantern." Of course, this is precisely what the socialists sense confusedly: hence, as the perpetuators of the bourgeois dream, their foam and fury.

These thoughts have been much reinforced by the explosions in the Pacific,[10] which, like you, I cannot get out of my mind. I have long been convinced of that, too. Our faint hearts are all atremble with dread at the thought that what they are going to is a war. What they are really going to is the end of a civilization and an age. Now we see how. The solution lies with the Bombs, not with the arguments. But if it should not, if we should be so far gone in historical corruption as to outlaw the Bombs, gas, bacteria et al., the Communists will merely win over the slower haul. They will let us hang ourselves on our own base fears and parish-house morality. As Willi [Schlamm][11] says bitterly: "Malenkov will save civilization."

Camus is stunting in an intellectual glider, riding the currents of the tricky, upper air. I admire his skill in the qualified way with which we admire a skill we shall never be capable of, which seems to have little relevance to us, and which (perhaps because of our limitations) seems to have little to do with reality.

I wish I could close on a gayer note. But add it up again and again, I get no other answers. I am afraid that this letter is the penalty for your remark about original sin which touched certain secret springs that most people do not know of.

Sincerely,
Whittaker Chambers

Aug. 5, 1954

Dear Bill,

Thank you for the books, and, particularly, for your kindness in sending them. Camus is stunting in an intellectual glider, riding the currents of the

9. "The waters compassed me about even to the soul; the deep hath closed round about; the sea hath covered my head. I went down to the lowest parts of the mountains; the bars of the earth have shut me up forever. . . ."

10. The hydrogen bomb tests at Eniwetok.

11. William S. Schlamm one of the original founding editors of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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tricky, upper air. I admire his skill in the qualified way with which we admire a skill we shall never be capable of, which seems to have little relevance to us, and which (perhaps because of our limitations) seems to have little to do with reality. But Butterfield has both feet firmly on the ground. I am reading him with interest. His grasp of what Marx means seems singular, coming from such a quarter; and my friend, John Chamberlain, should be made to read that chapter every morning before breakfast.

We can hope to do little more now than snatch a fingernail of a saint from the rack or a handful of ashes from the faggots, and bury them secretly in a flowerpot against the day, ages hence, when a few men begin again to dare to believe that there was once something else, that something else is thinkable, and need some evidence of what it was, and the fortifying knowledge that there were those who, at the great nightfall, took loving thought to preserve the tokens of hope and truth.

Of course, I wrote you a long letter as soon as Camus came, and added a few paragraphs with each Butterfield book. Yesterday, I did you the kindness to burn it. From it I shall pick up only one point, touched on by you in one of your letters. No, I no longer believe that political solutions are possible for us. I am baffled by the way people still speak of the West as if it were at least a cultural unity against Communism though it is divided not only by a political, but by an invisible, cleavage. On one side are the voiceless masses with their own subdivisions and fractures. On the other side is the enlightened, articulate elite which, to one degree or other, has rejected the religious roots of the civilization—the roots without which it is no longer Western civilization, but a new order of beliefs, attitudes and mandates. In short, this is the order of which Communism is one logical expression, originating not in Russia, but in the culture capitals of the West, reaching Russia by clandestine delivery via the old underground centers in Cracow, Vienna, Berne, Zurich and Geneva. It is a Western body of belief that now threatens the West from Russia. As a body of Western beliefs, secular and rationalistic, the intelligentsia of the West share it, and are therefore always committed to a secret emotional complicity with Communism of which they dislike, not the Communism, but only what, by the chances of history, Russia has specifically added to it —slave labor camps, purges, MVD, et al. And that, not because the Western intellectuals find them unjustifiable, but because they are afraid of being caught in them. If they could have Communism without the brutalities of ruling that the Russian experience bred, they'd have only marginal objections. Why should they object? What else is socialism but Communism with the claws retracted? And there is positivism. What is more, every garage mechanic in the West, insofar as he believes in nuts and bolts but asks: "The Holy Ghost, what's that?" shares the substance of those same beliefs. Of course, the mechanic does not know, when he asks: "The Holy Ghost, what's that?" that he is simply echoing Stalin at Teheran: "The Pope—how many divisions has the Pope?" That is the real confrontation of forces. The enemy—he is ourselves. That is why it is idle to talk about preventing the wreck of Western civilization. It is already a wreck from within. That is why we can hope to do little more now than snatch a fingernail of a saint from the rack or a handful of ashes from the faggots, and bury them secretly in a flowerpot against the day, ages hence, when a few men begin again to dare to believe that there was once something else, that something else is thinkable, and need some evidence of what it was, and the fortifying knowledge that there were those who, at the great nightfall, took loving thought to preserve the tokens of hope and truth.

Sincerely,
Whittaker

Aug. 6, 1954

Dear Bill,

The Right can muster great forces. Potentially, it has a base of masses of Americans; potentially, it has all the brains, money and other resources it needs. But it can never mobilize them because it lacks one indispensable: it has no program. A distaste for Communism and socialism is not a program (this, inter alia, is what is wrong with Senator McCarthy). The Right has no program for one reason: it will not face historical reality. So even its occasional victories are invariably Pyrrhic. And its endemic defeats are glorious in the Astor ballroom, after the third drink, the handy clichés, and the comfort of numbers. But by daylight, it is not glorious, and we see that there is a worm of truth in [Murray] Kempton's mean report; and the ring around the glass spells: sediment.

W. C.

P.S. Bishop [Cuthbert] O'Gara spent hours here yesterday. We forgot time as we went, hour by hour, through his prison days and brainwashing. He simply wanted to talk to someone to whom his words were not words, but the blood drops of an understood experience. He is maimed for life.[12]

Aug. 19, 1954

Dear Bill,

As Willi [Schlamm] will have told you, I am for a magazine. I am for it, that is, if its first and steadfast purpose is to succeed. Inevitably, that purpose must pretty narrowly define most editorial and organizational questions since they directly mesh with it. I surmise, subject to illumination, that there should be a market of some 500,000 readers who are now unserviced, or unsatisfactorily serviced. It is success in terms of that market, or even half of it, that alone interests me. Another *Freeman*, another crusade, does not interest me at all.

Unlike most Western Communists, who became Communists under the influence of Social Democracy, I remained under the spiritual influence of the Narodniki long after I became a Marxist. In fact, I never threw it off. I never have. It has simply blended with that strain in the Christian tradition to which it is akin.

But the more I have thought about it, the clearer it becomes that I cannot

12. Bishop O'Gara had recently returned from China, where he had been imprisoned and tortured by the Communists.

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commit myself to anything until you and I have talked it all out at length. For such a personal exchange, there is no substitute. No intermediary, clever, kind or enthusiatic, can do it for us. So I assume that it must wait until you return from Europe. By then, I shall have had to cross a dark river, perhaps two. The first is Willy Pogany's libel suit against me, whose implications, for me, go much farther than a libel action. They bear on people's indifference or animosity, and the general inability to protect me from harassment from the the Left, which, if I must continue to sustain it absolutely alone, raises the question of why one should bother to. The second river concerns Alger Hiss's release from prison and what may happen then. I am surprised—not surprised, interested—at the number and kind of people who grow owlish and noncommittal when that point comes up. In any case, you and I could not talk to much purpose until I have crossed those streams. If I fail to, we shall not need to.

HAVE A GOOD TRIP. If you come to Mont St. Michel *de la mer du péril*, bow your head for me and remember the [line] *Quae vocaris Stella Maris, Stella non erratica.*[13] Bishop O'Gara wrote me the other day about his visit here: "For me it was very like the experience of meeting a fellow missionary who spoke English, after a long stretch alone among the natives. The memory of that occasion shall always live in my heart." Mount St. Michael in peril of the sea.

Sincerely,
Whittaker

Aug. 30, 1954

Dear Bill,

I thought in retrospect that my last letter to you had a kind of Cromwellian after-flavor—harsh and niggling. I wrote in haste, to try to catch you before you sailed. I was condensing a much longer letter to try to up-raise a few points. Now I rather hope that my letter missed the boat and caught up with you only in Europe. I could write another, also dealing in more detail with more details. Instead, I mean to write something that may seem wholly irrelevant to matters in hand. But I don't think it is. I think it is not, because what has been proposed is first of all a relationship, and all stands or falls by that. So I think I shall pass, for the present, over all that has to do with editorial and organizational points and tell you about Ragozinikova. For that bears on relationship; particularly on a relationship which, I fancy, has not even been thought about—it is so much taken for granted. But it is necessary to be aware of it. It is the true relationship between Willi and me, which, on the surface—on my part, and I believe, on his—is one of affectionate esteem. Yet between us, who have so much in common, there flows a deep quiet river whose headwaters rise far back in our revolutionary experience and determined the very different courses that experience took for each of us.

A conservatism that cannot face the facts of the machine and mass production, and its consequences in government and politics, is foredoomed to futility and petulance. A conservatism that allows for them has an eleventh-hour chance of rallying what is sound in the West. All else is a dream, and, as von Moltke remarked about universal peace, "not a very sweet dream at that."

One of the great failures of *Witness* is that there was no time or place to describe the influences, other than immediate historical influences, that brought me to Communism. I came to Communism under the influence of the anarchists: Kropotkin, Tolstoi (the Tolstoi of *The Kingdom of God Is within You*) and Edelstadt. But, above all, I came under the influence of the Narodniki (whose heirs are the Socialist Revolutionists). It has been deliberately forgotten, but, in those days, Lenin urged us to revere the Narodniki—"those who went with bomb or revolver against this or that individual monster." Unlike most Western Communists, who became Communists under the influence of Social Democracy, I remained under the spiritual influence of the Narodniki long after I became a Marxist. In fact, I never threw it off. I never have. It has simply blended with that strain in the Christian tradition to which it is akin. It shaped the particular quality of my revolutionary character that made me specially beloved (of course, it is wrong to say such things, but it is true) even among many of the crude, trifling American Communists; so that Ella Winter could say to a *Time* correspondent with whom she found herself junketing in East Germany after World War II: "I simply cannot believe that Whittaker Chambers has broken. I could believe it of anybody else, but not of him." To the Russians it made me seem a freak of nature—an American who was almost a Russian; a fact that endeared me to them while it perplexed and troubled them. And, of course, it was the revolutionary quality that bemused Alger—*mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*

I remember how Ulrich, my first commander in the Fourth Section, once mentioned Vera Zasulitch and added: "I suppose you never heard that name." I said: "Zasulitch shot General Tropov for flogging the student, Bogomolsky, in the Paviak prison." And I remember the excited smile with which he answered (Ulrich was a Left Socialist Revolutionist, not a Communist): "That is true. But how do *you* know that?" For the spirit of the Narodniki, all that was soldierly and saintly in the revolution, found its last haven, O irony!, in the Fourth Section (one purpose of the Great Purge was to kill it out once for all).

LIKE ULRICH, I may presume in supposing that the name of Ragozinikova is unknown to you. But the facts are these. In 1907, the Russian government instituted a policy of systematically beating its political prisoners. One night, a fashionably dressed young woman called at the Central Prison in Petersburg and asked to speak with the commandant, Maximovsky. This was Ragozinikova, who had come to protest the government's policy. Inside the bodice of her dress were sewed thirteen pounds of dynamite and a detonator. When Maximovsky appeared, she shot him with her revolver and killed him. The dynamite was for another purpose. After the murder of Maximovsky, Ragozinikova asked the police to interrogate her at the headquarters of the Okhrana. She meant to blow it up together with herself; she had not known any other way to penetrate it. But she was searched and the dynamite discovered. She was sentenced to be hanged. Awaiting execution, she wrote her family: "Death itself is noth-

13. You who are called the Star of the Sea, the ever-constant Star.

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ing. . . . Frightful only is the thought of dying without having achieved what I could have done. . . . How good it is to love people. How much strength one gains from such love." When she was hanged, Ragozinikova was twenty years old.

In WITNESS, I have told how Sazonov drenched himself with kerosene and burned himself to death as a protest against the mistreatment of others. And I have told what that meant to me at one moment; how, had my comrade, Sazonov, not done that there would not have been a Hiss Case as we know it. This spirit persisted in the Fourth Section as late as 1938. Willi knows nothing of such people except as a legend. That is why, though Willi is transfixed with as many arrows as Sebastian, he simply does not understand the *source* of the glance that the saint bends upon the bowmen. I need scarcely underscore the point at which that strain of the revolutionary spirit blends with a Christian élan, or why it was imperative for Communism to kill it out. I labor this because my reaction to this difference between Willi and me underlies the tone of my last letter. It is also, above all, why you and I must talk at length.

Meanwhile, Willi has written me a generous and good letter. I have suggested that he send on my reply to you. It deals, in part, with necessary, but largely footling matters, and saves me going twice over them.

The Bach, which has just arrived—your parting thought—is magnificent in every sense. Only, you must really not send me anything else. I can make no return.

Sincerely,
Whittaker

If you should see André Malraux, will you convey to him my great esteem and most kind feelings? After *Witness* appeared, he wrote me: "You are one of those who did not return from hell with empty hands." I never answered him because how is it possible to say to someone without seeming fantastic, and still remaining inadequate: "Great healing understanding"? When he was last in America I could not see him because I was then in bed.

Meanwhile, Chambers wrote once again to Willi, sending me a copy with the notation: "Bill, this letter is really addressed to both of you."

Day after Labor Day whatever that is
Dear Willi,

Your letter rather sweeps my objections and reservations into a dustpan. Gratefully so, since the net effect is to tidy things up. My attitude would be intolerable if it were merely cranky. It is, instead, an effort to clear out of the way in advance those niggling points which, unforeseen, may wreck greater matters, but which, if charted in time, may be blasted out of the way, or at least a channel be picked among them for all good ships to sail in convoy, whatever their freights or eventual ports. I do not think that Dwight [Eisenhower] and Richard [Nixon] and Joseph [McCarthy] will be out of the way by next April. I do incline to think that I did not make clear my attitude about the first two members of that triad. For I simply do not feel that we are seas apart about them. I chiefly say: "Give them a little more rope."

That is what conservatives must decide: how much to give in order to survive at all; how much to give in order not to give up the basic principles. And, of course, that results in a dance along a precipice. Many will drop over, and, always, the cliff dancers will hear the screaming curses of those who fall, or be numbed by the sullen silence of those, nobler souls perhaps, who will not join the dance.

What I suspect is something much more serious. It bears on the concept that each of us holds of the Conservative Position. That is why I raised the point when we talked. Somehow, it seems to have got lost or blurred; or, more probably, I made a poor job of my presentment. Briefly, I remain a dialectician; and history tells me that the rock-core of the Conservative Position, or any fragment of it, can be held realistically only if conservatism will accommodate itself to the needs and hopes of the masses—needs and hopes, which, like the masses themselves, are the product of machines. For, of course, our fight, as I think we said, is only incidentally with socialists or other heroes of that kidney. *Wesentlichen* [essentially], it is with machines. A conservatism that cannot face the facts of the machine and mass production, and its consequences in government and politics, is foredoomed to futility and petulance. A conservatism that allows for them has an eleventh-hour chance of rallying what is sound in the West. All else is a dream, and, as [Helmuth] von Moltke remarked about universal peace, "not a very sweet dream at that." This is, of course, the Beaconsfield position. Inevitably, it goads one's brothers to raise their knives against the man who holds it. Sadder yet, that man can never blame them, for he shares their feelings even when directed against himself, since he, no less than they, is also a Tory. Only, he is a Tory who means to live. And to live is not to hold the lost redoubt. To live is to maneuver. The choices of maneuver are now visibly narrow. They chiefly enjoin defying the enemy by occupying (or capturing) that part of his position which reality (many realities) has defined as settled for this historical period; thereby splitting the enemy, immobilizing and confusing, if not winning, part of his forces. I should have stood with Lenin, not with Trotsky, Radek and Bukharin, about Brest-Litovsk. In the matter of social security, for example, the masses of Americans, like the Russian peasants in 1918, are signing the peace with their feet. The farmers are signing for a socialist agriculture with their feet.

But a conservatism that would say that it is not a political force, or even a twitch: it has become a literary whimsy.

Mind you, I hold that it is the duty of the intellectuals of the West to preach reaction. But that is from an absolute, an ideal standpoint. It is for books and posterity. It does not bear on tactics or daily life—or so indirectly as scarcely to matter here and now. In absolute terms, the *Maschinenstürmer* [Luddites] were right; their primitive instinct was right, and Marx was wrong to the same degree. He had only a rationale from observed data, which, to my way of feeling, even more than of thinking, were false data—false in the sense that they violate what is best in and for men. But that fact will not unhorse one farmer from his tractor or drive one worker from a factory. And, as you know, most factory workers are farmers manqués. Moreover, they flocked to the factories in the first place because even the industrial horrors of the nineteenth

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century seemed preferable to many than ten hours of haying in a shriveling sun, or cows going bad with garget. I worked the hay load last night against the coming rain—by headlights, long after dark. I know the farmer's case for the machine and for the factory. And I know, like the cut of hay-bale cords in my hands, that a conservatism that cannot find room in its folds for these actualities is a conservatism doomed to petulance and dwindling—first unreality and then defeat. Let Mr. _____ tie barley sacks behind the moving combine for even eight hours in a really good sun, and then load them, 100-, 150-pound bags, until midnight, and he will learn more about the realities of rural socialism (and about the realities of conservatism) than he could ever glean from the late, ever to be honored Robert Taft.

It is at this point that I am tolerant of the Eisenhower Administration. It is not so much what they are doing that I quarrel with, as the stupid way it seems to me that they do it. It is, above all, on foreign policy and the Communist issue that I groan at them.

NATURALLY, it is not so simple as I have sketched it above. I know, too, that the forty-horsepower tractor is only one turn on the road that leads to the H-bomb and beyond. If I were a younger man, if there were any frontiers left, I should flee to some frontier because, when the house is afire, you leave by whatever hole is open for whatever area is freest of fire. Since there are no regional frontiers, I have been seeking the next best thing—the frontiers within, John's interstices. But I have no notions that my antics have a validity for anybody else except a handful of similar escapists. Escapism is laudable, perhaps the only truly honorable course for humane men—but only for them. Those who remain in the world, if they will not surrender on its terms, must maneuver within its terms. That is what conservatives must decide: how much to give in order to survive at all; how much to give in order not to give up the basic principles. And, of course, that results in a dance along a precipice. Many will drop over and, always, the cliff dancers will hear the screaming curses of those who fall, or be numbed by the sullen silence of those, nobler souls perhaps, who will not join the dance.

As always,
Whittaker

To my grotesque way of thinking, one of the great moral moments in current U.S. writing is the quarry scene in *From Here to Eternity*—the scene in which one of the prisoners takes his crowbar and, on request, breaks the arm or leg of a fellow prisoner. . . . That is why I told a leading Quaker that *From Here to Eternity* is essentially a moral book. I shall long remember the expression of surprise and shock on his face.

Sept. 29, 1954

Dear Bill,

In your letter, you say something to the effect that the liberals have managed to convince the world that they are, among other things, morally right. It seems to me that you are shouldering something of first importance there. Your magazine is, above all, a moral apologetic; and it had better be good. For a morality is never stronger than the reality it speaks for. To my grotesque way of thinking, one of the great moral moments in current U.S. writing is the quarry scene in *From Here to Eternity*—the scene in which one of the prisoners takes his crowbar and, on request, breaks the arm or leg of a fellow prisoner. That is the moment for which the great muck heap of that book exists; and that is why I told a leading Quaker that *From Here to Eternity* is essentially a moral book. I shall long remember the expression of surprise and shock on his face. He had read Genesis, but he had not realized, in the way we feel dirt by taking it in our hand, that it was out of mud and primal ooze that God created the world. And when he had read that "the light shines in darkness," he had thought only about the light; he had not grasped that darkness is as much a clotted reality as illumination is real. Our dear, good fatuous, mischief-making Quakers who need nothing so much as a touch of humanizing sin. (Father Alan warns me, courteously shaking his finger in Graham Greene's and Péguy's direction instead of mine, that a mystique of sin is treacherous ground.)

I have been working on conservatism's moral apologetic for more than a year, and I have been making a poor fist of it. If I live, I hope to bring it off. Conservatives and Leftists will then find themselves coexisting on a most uncomfortable united front to revile it and me. But it is not really intended for them except insofar as they choose to mess with it. It is written for my son, now wearing the awkward uniform of the AFROTC. It might just as well be titled *Theory of Flight,* since it is intended, like the St. Benedict medal he wears around his neck, to go with him where I cannot—on that mortal trajectory between buoyancy and disaster which is also the trajectory of all of us, even when grounded, in this age.

The Bach you sent me seems to be almost the most beautiful music I have ever heard.[14] My wife and I spend hours listening to it.

You really must stop saluting me as "Mr. Chambers." I know, I know, the first-name business is always a hurdle for me, too. But 'tis a custom of the country.

I hope to see you soon.

Sincerely
Whittaker

We met at my home in Stamford, Connecticut, and briefly (and unsuccessfully) at the Barclay Hotel in New York the next day with Willi Schlamm and Henry Regnery. A few days later Alger Hiss was released from prison and announced his determination to establish his innocence and the corruption of the agencies that found him guilty.

Nov. 28, 1954

Dear Bill,

I did not wait deliberately for Alger to answer your letter for me. But, in effect, he has done so. A few words from him have said more convincingly than thousands from me could do what my part must be, and also, why those paths among the green hills into which you generously invited me, the more "orthodox" paths, to catch up your phrase, tempt me, but cannot be mine.

Alger came out more fiercely than even I had expected. I had supposed that, at first, probation itself would impose some deceptive restraint of tone. But he is a lawyer, and knows just about how far he can go and get away with it. As tactician, he is trying for the advantage of surprise and initiative. Do you think he has failed? He has not. He won, first, when, after his egregious statements to the press, no government

14. The *Clavierübung,* performed by Ralph Kirkpatrick on the harpsichord.

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authority stepped forward and instantly marched him back where he came from. He won, second, by his remark about fantastic stories in the press, etc. With that, every legal staff of every publication and network, which has ever referred unkindly to him, registered a cautionary impulse: "Better be careful. This may cost us money." After all, that is what legal staffs are paid for. He won, third, when the Attorney General was not snowed under by messages demanding that Alger be remitted for his statement, and when Congress was not snowed under by messages urging pressure on the Attorney General. On the contrary, every effort will be made "not to make a martyr out of Hiss," to see that he has "fair play and full justice." This is another rendering of "do nothing to disturb our delicate negotiations with the Soviet government (the Chinese Communists), etc., etc." These terms are interchangeable in a general situation that is all of a piece. Do I always sound forlorn? That is because I know, just as clearly as Alger knows it, that my side is the side of the disunited, the indecisive, the cowardly. And all from the most understandable motives. For, you see, after six years, my side still does not really know what this is all about or how Communism works.

Alger Hiss is one of the greatest assets that the Communist Party could possess. What is vindication for him? It is the moment when one of the most respectable old ladies (gentlemen) in Hartford (Conn.) says to another of the most respectable old ladies (gentlemen): "Really, I don't see how Alger Hiss could brazen it out that way unless he really were innocent."

Alger Hiss is one of the greatest assets that the Communist Party could possess. What is vindication for him? It is the moment when one of the most respectable old ladies (gentlemen) in Hartford (Conn.) says to another of the most respectable old ladies (gentlemen): "Really, I don't see how Alger Hiss could brazen it out that way unless he really were innocent." Multiply Hartford by every other American community. For the CP, that is victory. That is all that it needs. At that moment, confusion is rooted, morale split or sapped, truth poisoned. In miniature, it is of the same order as the voluntary sell-out of Indochina, or of Chiang Kai-shek, or the legal assassination of Mikhailovitch. It is worth more than victorious battles because it maims morale, which, as soldiers know, but most civilians do not think about, is the master objective in war. And all that Alger has to do for this victory is to persist in his denials.

As we drove into your beautiful grounds, I started to tell you how this will work out. I let it drop when you objected that Alger probably cannot sue me. I knew that it would soon be enacted past any power of mine to make credible. So why labor it? It has begun, though a tip-off in Alger's statement seems to suggest that suits against others will be a more effective strategy than suits against me. Anyway, my task now is simply to be equal to my necessity. I urge you to study on this spectacle because I believe that, in little, you will here see unfold the pattern of larger things.

You were most hospitable, kind and patient with me up there. I realized only in retrospect how trying I must have been. For I was speaking always from the fastness of my cold and remote foreknowledge, and that must have seemed gratuitously ungracious and ungrateful.

Sincerely,
Whittaker

Dec. 12, 1954

Dear Bill,

Gertrude Stein considers her most perfect line of prose to be: "Toasted Susie is my ice cream." Would that we could live in a world of the fauves, where the planes are disjointed only on canvas, instead of a world where the wild beasts are real and the disjointures threaten to bury us. Or do I really wish that? It would take some nice thinking, for, perhaps, toasted Susie is not my ice cream. Perhaps you should make a transparency of it and hang it as a slogan outside the windows of the NATIONAL REVIEW: "Toasted Susie Is Not My Ice Cream." It might catch you more subscribers than Senator McCarthy, at that. It's my publishing hunch that people are fed up with everything, and that intelligent slapstick is the most marketable commodity in the

Gertrude Stein considers her most perfect line of prose to be: "Toasted Susie is my ice cream." Would that we could live in a world of the fauves, where the planes are disjointed only on canvas, instead of in a world where the wild beasts are real and the disjointures threaten to bury us. Or do I really wish that? It would take some nice thinking, for, perhaps, toasted Susie is not my ice cream.

field. Pity someone won't give me a million to play my hunch and try to earn him back his $. I'd sit in a back office with no name on the door. I'd have the most brittle beauty I could lure away from Ayres, posing as managing editor. Then I would put little pieces of cheese in the hallways and watch the mousey artists nibble in. I'd have the grimmest cynic I know riding herd on them strictly for laughs; and the most sensitive laugher I know, riding herd on him, strictly not for laughs. My sole job would be to cut down all five thousand-word political articles to one line: Toasted Susie is my ice cream. But, you know, I was not so wrong about *Simplicissimus*.[15] Besides, where is the million?

As always,
Whittaker

I think, on my dream mag, all fiction should be cut down to the one-line proposition which the lunatic who used to teach the logic course at Kenyon gave his thirsting students: "Tigers do not sharpen pencils." He also taught elementary ethics, offering as problems for discussion only several types of rape. He's gone now to practice medicine in a mining village named, as it would have to be for such a man, Wapwaloping. This is, of course in confidence, for Kenyon is still our college—at least until midterm marks come in.

Dec. 16, 1954

Dear Bill,

Still, not a line about the NATIONAL REVIEW. It must be talked about, not written about, unless one is prepared to write a book. Too many angles of all kinds, too much still left indefinite that must be given definition. And that, at many levels. Your fund-raising efforts

15. The prewar German satirical journal.

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fill me with admiration and a kind of terror. The idea of asking anybody for money, especially people to whom money means something, fills me in prospect with a sensation that I can best describe as a collapse of my artery walls. I have no doubt that you feel much the same; so it's pretty heroic. I trust your guardian angel is sitting at your right hand at those uncomfortable pourparlers, and that he makes invisible faces at your prospective beneficiaries. I read through twice your memo about the *NR*.

Henry Regnery is currently, I understand, engaged in some kind of convoying operation of the visiting Sitwells. He has suggested escorting them here. But the thought of those stately peafowl threading their way among the firewood (inter alia) on our back porch, fills me with an anxiety that keeps slipping into comedy—and a mischievous temptation to let it happen so that I could observe it. But that would scarcely be decent.

I thought the man who suggested a series of nonprofiting, sustaining donors had a point. It seems to be familiar to you, not to me. Mrs. [Isabel] Paterson's[16] buoyancy depressed me, if anything. For I am not "sound" on Mrs. Paterson. Unlike many others, I go by the general rule that almost anything she says is likely to be wrong. My observation is that she is capable of brilliant insights which merely confuse things the more because they play upon a corpus of notions, which are neither bad nor undesirable: by and large. I think they have almost no relation to reality as it is. She grew up, as she once told me, in an age when men were men. She seems to me to overlook completely the fact that it was those men who prepared our age when pygmies are pygmies, a point I should certainly not contest. I merely observe that that is not the point at all. The point is: What are we going to do about it, what can we do about it? This is, of course, similar to my objection about Hayek. These people are admirable heads, good characters, good critics, handsome appreciators—but that was in another country, and the wench is dying. Most of us have wits enough to see that the landmass is slipping into the sea, though we may differ in our degree of enthusiasm for that mass. But the problem is: How to stop or check the slide? Perhaps men will not be men again until they can answer that one.

Come to us when you can.

Sincerely,
Whittaker

Besides, Henry [Regnery] is currently, I understand, engaged in some kind of convoying operation of the visiting Sitwells. He has suggested escorting them here. But the thought of those stately peafowl threading their way among the firewood (inter alia) on our back porch, fills me with an anxiety that keeps slipping into comedy—and a mischievous temptation to let it happen so that I could observe it. But that would scarcely be decent. On another tack—are you familiar with Theodor Mommsen's history of Rome? I think it might engross you to read through the volume on the Gracchian and Arion revolutions. Of course, Mommsen is an intentional polemicist on a very high plane.

January 1, 1955

Dear Bill,

I cannot let this beautiful first day of the year pass without writing you. My counsel, which you invoke, is yours for the taking. How could you question that? Our chief trouble, it seems to me, is that we scarcely know each other. Nevertheless, we are rushing along paths where, at every turn, I must brace my hind legs and stop until I know better what is what. If, in this process, I have exhausted your good will, I can well understand it. But the reasons wherefore I require patience cannot be grubbed out in an easy after-hours' gardening. Perhaps they are not worth so much. That I am not required to say. I have a strong suspicion that if you and I really got down to business, we should have some grand stormy sessions: at the end of which, we should at length conclude: 1) that we are mutually insufferable or 2) that only peers are worth suffering. Not very eloquently put. But I think that's about where we are. I feel better having written it, which makes me almost certain that I am right about it. Certainly, there is no lack of respect for you on my part; quite the contrary. And I gather that you feel somewhat the same. But, where there's strength, there isn't going to be much "give." You have got to know the man if he seems worth the trouble. If not, *kak zhal* [what a pity]!

Come up, if you should be in Washington and feel up to the detour here. I can usually drive into Baltimore to fetch you, if that helps and you can flatten my ears on the home trip. I am genuinely surprised to find myself in the year '55. I should not be, but I think I am a little pleased.

Sincerely,
Whittaker

In Coming Issues...

. . . Whittaker Chambers writes about the Suez crisis and the summit conference, the revolution in Hungary, the continuing struggle to rehabilitate Alger Hiss, joining the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW, *the difficulties of defining modern conservatism, his reactions to different writers for* NR *and others, an afternoon in the Austrian Alps with Arthur Koestler, the meaning of the space age; the meaning of his life.*

16. Author & former columnist for the *N.Y. Herald Tribune.*

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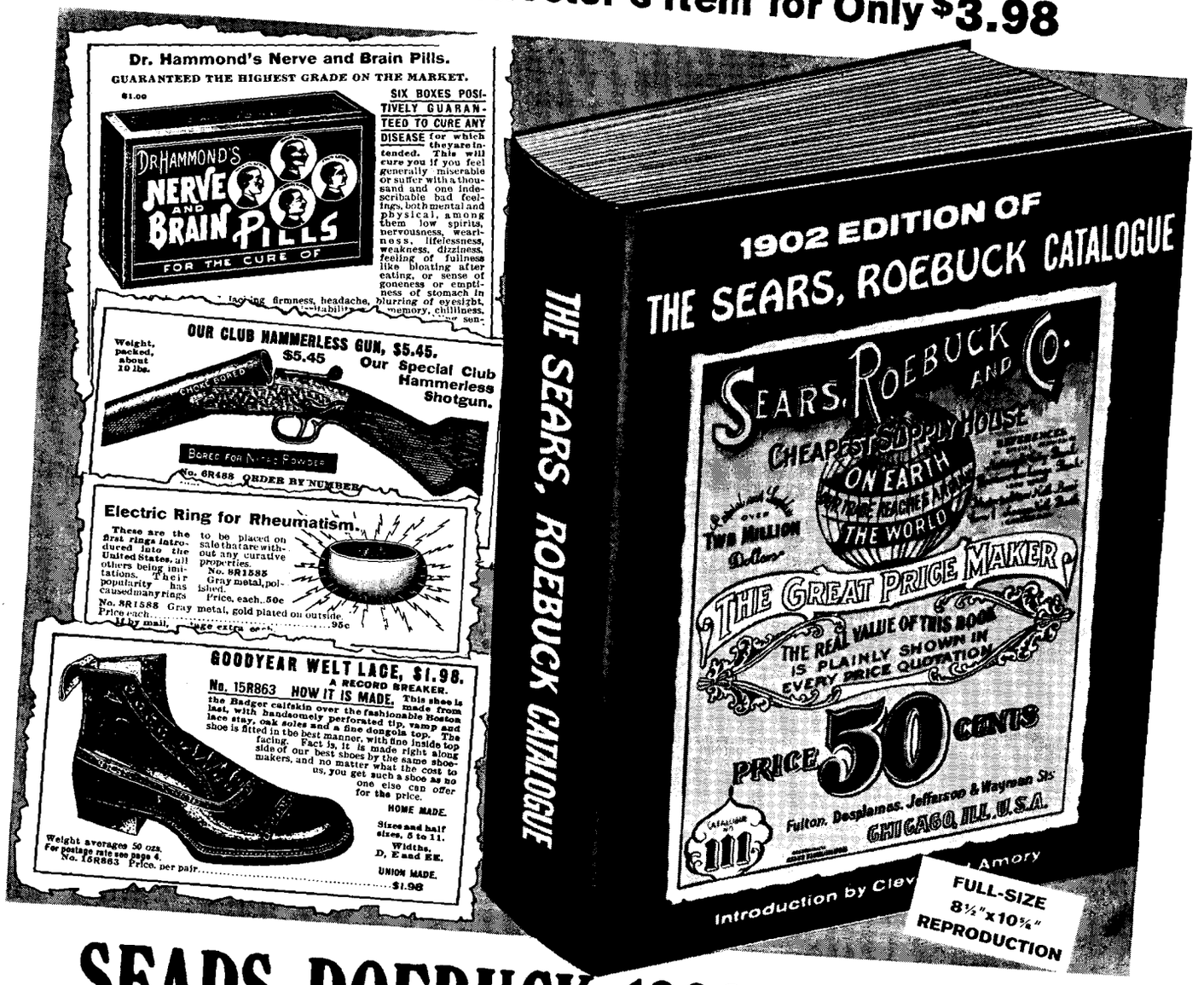
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RUSSELL KIRK

FOLLOWING ELIOT'S ANTIQUE DRUM

FROM THE ACADEMY

A young author with talent, Mr. Thomas Howard, has published a book with an epigraph from Eliot's "Little Gidding" as its title: *An Antique Drum* (reviewed in *NR*, Nov. 18). His subtitle is *The World as Image*. To Eliot, C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien and Charles Williams, Mr. Howard makes his acknowledgements; and he takes up his cudgel in defense of the "Old Myth"—that is, the truths of the moral imagination—against the "New Myth" of shallow modernity. Thomas Howard is not ashamed or afraid to follow an antique drum.

Actually, in the lines of "Little Gidding" to which Mr. Howard refers, Eliot is not marching with fife and drum ecclesiatic: "We cannot restore old policies/Or follow an antique drum." Yet also it is Eliot who reminds us, in one of his essays, that "there are no lost causes, because there are no gained causes." And elsewhere in "Little Gidding" we encounter the lines graven on Eliot's stone in Westminster Abbey: "The communication of the dead is tongued with fire/Beyond the language of the living." Believing that to be true, and following Eliot's own antique drum, recently I made my way to English places that are the settings for three of Eliot's *Four Quartets*.

One hears the echo of that antique drum quite distinctly at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, where once Eliot made a pilgrimage to the site of Nicholas Ferrar's devotional retreat (best described by Isaac Walton), a kind of cloister for layfolk, broken up by Roundhead soldiery. There, Eliot knew, prayer had been valid.

There are three Giddings, really: Little Gidding, Church Gidding, Great Gidding—tiny hamlets, remote even today, each with its church and its vicar still. At Little Gidding, Nicholas Ferrar's church stands amidst fields and farmyards.

At Ferrar's house in Little Gidding, Charles I spent a night after the defeat in battle that cost him everything. At Fotheringhay Castle, not far to the north, Mary Stuart was beheaded; and her body lay in a church at Huntingdon, a few miles to the southeast, when being brought down to London for burial. The Queen's words before her execution, "In my end is my beginning," are woven into the *Four Quartets*—and those words are cut upon Eliot's tombstone at East Coker.

Like Little Gidding, East Coker is unspoilt; the Somerset village of Eliot's ancestors is a charming taggle of stone cottages, many of them thatched, winding up to the beautiful thirteenth-century church and the hall (once a monastic building). Eliot determined a decade before his death that his ashes should lie here, deep in the old England.

At Chipping Campden, in the Cotswolds, there stands near the great church the shell of the old hall, long roofless; and for the most part, presumably this is the setting for Eliot's "Burnt Norton." Yet the derelict country house amidst gardens in that quartet is a composite; and one should visit, also, other Cotswold places—especially Great Tew, where Lord Falkland and his friends meditated and discoursed as the Civil War approached. Here the antique drum beats loudly. Falkland it was who declared, "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." In the end, trapped between passionate partisans of either side, he rode resigned to his death in battle.

So the Old Cause, lingering in a ghostly fashion at Little Gidding and East Coker and Burnt Norton, did tempt T. S. Eliot to beat an antique drum. True, the roll of that drum could not summon us back to the luckless house of Stuart. Yet vanished piety and vanquished valor are not really dead: they endure as images—including the image of the antique drum.

Just so, Mr. Thomas Howard's slim book reminds us that only by evoking images can we hope to understand the correspondences among phenomena in this world. When men are deprived of the "old myth"—of what Burke calls the moral imagination—then soon they embrace imagination of a different character: what Burke described as the "idyllic imagination" of Rousseau, if not the diabolical imagination of de Sade. In his quick way, Thomas Howard beats an alarm against the starving of imagination by modern defecated rationalism, the "New Myth."

IF THE RISING GENERATION never is permitted to hear the echo of an antique drum, Howard knows, still they will find a drum of some sort—or perhaps rally to the tocsin. The votaries of the New Myth have bored their sons and daughters into ideological frenzy and the narcotic trance:

> It is a bitter revelation to the generation that has worked so painstakingly over the last 75 years to build a liberal society on the foundation of the new myth to be told by the children whom it has nourished on that myth that the whole thing is sour. If, say these children, we really *are* autonomous as you have taught us, then we shall enjoy that autonomy. You and your fathers worked to free yourselves from the autocratic hands of the gods and to build a secular order that would maintain itself by the mutual consent of its members. We do not consent to this order. You have made as horrible a mess of society as any priestcraft ever did, and we withhold consent. . . . So, just as you built your order on the ashes of the old, we will burn your order and build an authentically new one. . . .

If the rising generation is prevented from knowing the prayer of little Gidding, the piety of East Coker and the noble prudence of Great Tew—why, other symbols, fire-breathing will be conjured up. So long as T. S. Eliot continues to find disciples like Thomas Howard—so long as in his end is his beginning—the antique drum will wake some minds and consciences. □

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DELECTATIONS

Oktoberfest, Mit Chaser

HUGH KENNER

FERRARA. Savonarola, a Ferrara boy whom the volatile Florentines apotheosized in a bonfire, gestures in marble across his home town's Corso Martiri della Libertà at, more or less, the *Credito Italiano,* two newsstands, a Bata shoe store, and a sweet shop, not to mention several thousand Fiats and Vespas per hour. Black letters on the pedestal affirm that he was the Flagellator (*in tempi corroti e servili*) of Vice and of Tyránny, which are things to be against.

In his time (1452-1498) Ferrara's tradition of emphatic morality was already established. A full five centuries before Cal Coolidge, Niccolo III d'Este had his wife Parisina and his offspring Ugo executed in the dungeons of the Castello, having come upon them spooning or more. The blind bulk of that castle in its moat is possibly the grimmest assertion brickwork has to make in all of Europe. Only sixty years ago the English poet Arthur Symons was found banging at its great gates after midnight. The heirs of Savanarola and of Nic Este wasted no sentiment. They let down the drawbridge, hauled him inside, and flung him into the dungeons, manacled. Symons never got over it. As late as World War II he could be seen sitting in a London café vaguely wondering where all his friends had gone off to: Wilde and Yeats and Mallarmé and James and Beardsley: yes, and Verlaine (who seems never to have visited Ferrara and was well advised not to).

Which makes this the ideal city to throw into focus (hostile, but a focus) one's judgment of the Munich Oktoberfest. The Oktoberfest was well enough thought of by the United States wire services for the *Santa Barbara News-Press* to have devoted a paragraph to its commencement, and notorious enough for my travel agent to warn me that if I insisted on arriving in Munich during those sixteen days I would have trouble getting a place to sleep. (I had. Despite friends on the spot, I occupied three pensions in six nights.) And Savonarola's stony back, as I write at a café table ten days later, admonishes me to report that this frenzy in the capital of Bavaria turns on just one theme: Beer.

Beer. *Stadt weltberühmter* BIERE, runs the Munich postmark: "City of world-renowned BEER." It is dark and cold and strong (no, not the city. The city is so nervous of seeming provincial that a corporation recently forebade its employees to answer the phone with "Grusz Gott" lest cosmopolites think them pious hicks, whereupon the *Abendzeitung*, Munich's noisiest newspaper, blew up a front-page story over whether it might not be a touch provincial to worry about seeming a hick.)

The beer, however, is dark and cold and strong. Long ago a lawsuit was brought about some foreign object—in one version, the skeleton of a cat—in a tun of *Münchnerbräu,* which suit the

master brewers of Munich successfully defended by alleging that the measures taken to lend a beer body surpassed casual comprehension.

Munich, the most tranquil, infinitely the least demanding of all the world's large cities, cherishes this Falstaffian underbelly. If it prefers to forget a historic Beergarden Putsch, it extols the world's largest beer cellar. The very liturgical calendar turns on beer. In Advent beer is drunk because thoughts turn to New Year's; in the new year, in anticipation of Lent; shortly before Lent, in a frenzy culminated by that Teutonic Mardi Gras the *Fasching*; during Lent because, the Bavarian proverb has it, meat is the best vegetable, and, meat interdicted, only beer remains; in the Summer Heat because of the Summer Heat (did not Pentecost descend in fire?); and, summer ended, well, the Oktoberfest.

King Ludwig I (not Wagner's patron the "mad" King Ludwig but his predecessor) inaugurated it for reasons now tactfully ignored (it featured ceremonial doings with horses, almost as in the Este court at Ferrara). By the mid-twentieth century its theme had been simplified to a four-letter word: *Bier.* It had also acquired, like all quintessentially simple things—like the lives of the saints, or like baseball—a halo of statistics.

This year, five million visitors downed four million litres of beer. An unestimated number of the stone litre mugs was stolen of which the police intercepted 1,450 (1,019 last year). The beer laid 172 folk flat on the grounds (162 last year, 121 five years ago, a mere 79 in 1962). The eldest victim was 83, the youngest eight (he was one of 21 Kayoed Kinder). And 33 oxen were roasted on the spit, and some 400,000 chickens dismembered.

Which is an unearthly ballet of bloodless categories, if we ignore the blood shed in just one hundred accidents (91 last year). What's it *really* like? It's like an alcoholic midway: ferris wheels and crack-the-whips and other variations of packaged derring-do, and oom pah-pah oom pah-pah a dozen German bands, swaying men in *Lederhosen* singing into thousand-watt amplifiers about how my heart has three holes in it because if it didn't have three holes in it it wouldn't be my heart,* a Kolossal statue of Miss Bavaria holding aloft not like Miss Liberty an ice-cream cone but perhaps a pretzel or (more likely, one is told) a wreath, and huge pavilions crowded with trestle tables, jammed thigh to thigh in which, in the blue air, in the Siegfriedian din, the *Wies'nbummler* down their beer.

It comes, six grey litre mugs in each

(Continues on page 49)

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Russia: Conformity and Dissent

TIBOR SZAMUELY

Message from Moscow
By an Observer *Knopf, $5.95*
The New Russian Tragedy
By Anatole Shub *Norton, $4.50*
The Demonstration in Pushkin Square
By Pavel Litvinov, translated by Manya Harari *Gambit, $4.95*

Is Russia seething with revolt? Or is it a land of 240 million brainwashed zombies ruled by a band of ruthless ruffians? Most honest reporters of the Soviet scene incline toward one or another of these views, or even to a combination of both. Of course, there are alternate interpretations as well: Western governments and political pundits like to think of Russia as just another great power, burdened down by its own "hawks" and "doves" and "military-industrial complexes," with which it is entirely possible to reach reasonable and fair compromises. As for our so-called "progressive" so-called "intelligentsia," that "effete corps of impudent snobs" (to quote a well-known household phrase), they see Russia as a society which, being industrialized, is far from perfect—yet infinitely superior to the "repressively tolerant" United States.

Three excellent accounts of life in Soviet Russia have just appeared—and, while it is probably useless to expect the invincibly ignorant Chomskys and Marcuses to profit from them, one can at least hope that American policy-makers and the general public will read them and learn something to their advantage.

The anonymous "Observer" describes himself as a Western student who has spent the last three years in the USSR. Whoever he is, he certainly understands the country and its people. *Message from Moscow*—calm, matter-of-fact, descriptive—presents a picture rather different from the rosy one to which the Western reader has become accustomed: a terrible picture of what fifty years of Communist rule have done to a once great people. The narrative is constructed around a single apocalyptic date: August 21, 1968, the day Soviet and satellite troops invaded Czechoslovakia. Like some powerful lens, this one event gathered together the disparate strands of Soviet life into a blinding ray of reality. "Observer" was stupefied, not so much by the invasion itself (by then he had learned not to expect anything better from the gang of "anti-intellectual, antisemitic, totally uncivilized power-lovers" in the Kremlin) as by the reaction to it of the Soviet populace: "As far as the Russian people had any interest in the invasion, the great majority vaguely approved. . . . When I heard anything at all, it was almost always condemnation of the Czechoslovaks."

It is vitally important for the West to grasp this basic fact: the vast mass of the Russian nation supports their government's aggressive, colonialist policies. There are no Mobes, no peace movements, no Vietniks in Russia. Brutish, spiteful, chauvinistic conformity reigns throughout. The downtrodden Russian socialist masses are anti-intellectual almost to a man—as well as antisemitic, anti-Negro, anti-Arab, anti-Chinese. And, naturally, anti-Czechoslovak.

WHO ARE WE TO ACCUSE them? Over the past fifty years they have passed through an Inferno undreamt of by Dante. Things are a bit easier now. People are being arrested, of course, and lives ruined—but only if they *do* something against the Party line. If you keep your mouth shut you're all right. What a relief—but what a degree of moral squalor, of national deformity and dishonor. Then there is the indescribably low standard of living. Western liberals talk glibly of "poverty." What do they know of poverty if they don't know Russia? In these books they could at least discover the truth. "Material conditions are poor, everything is dilapidated, eroded, hopelessly slovenly," writes "Observer."

Anatole Shub goes even further. His knowledge of Russia is profound; his personal roots go back deep into the Russian past; his father was an old Menshevik, a leader of the pre-Revolutionary working-class movement. What Shub discovered during his two years in Moscow as *Washington Post* correspondent seared his soul. Living standards, he states bluntly—and correctly—are lower today than in 1913. Is there any other country in the world of which this could be said? Can a graver indictment of Bolshevik rule ever be made? They broke the proverbial eggs—but produced no omelette. Come to think of it, no eggs left either. For whole weeks last spring, says Shub, there was no meat in Moscow. *In Moscow!* Imagine the rest of the country.

Is there any hope for Russia? "Observer" doubts it. "There will be no substantive changes in my lifetime," predicted one of his intellectual friends. "We're a nation of political robots," remarked an undergraduate physics student. "We not only lack all the machinery for democratic government, but the instincts and the brains and the interest as well." Shub tends to disagree with this assessment. The current process of re-Stalinization "appears to be sowing seeds of revolution." The Soviet economic mess "is the fertile soil nurturing the seeds of revolution." Russia, he believes, "has already entered a 'pre-revolutionary' phase of development"—very similar to that of Czechoslovakia before 1968. But to this "Observer's" friends reply: "No Soviet Dubceks in sight, and no viable faction within the Politburo would support one. That's the worst of it."

Personally (and I have lived in Russia far longer than either "Observer" or Shub) I agree with the pessimists; there is no hope, no change in sight. But if

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the Russian nation is ever to regain its humanity, if Russia is ever to re-acquire a conscience, then this will be largely due to the handful of young intellectuals who have, over the past five or six years, with incredible courage defied the most tyrannical regime ever devised by the misplaced ingenuity of man.

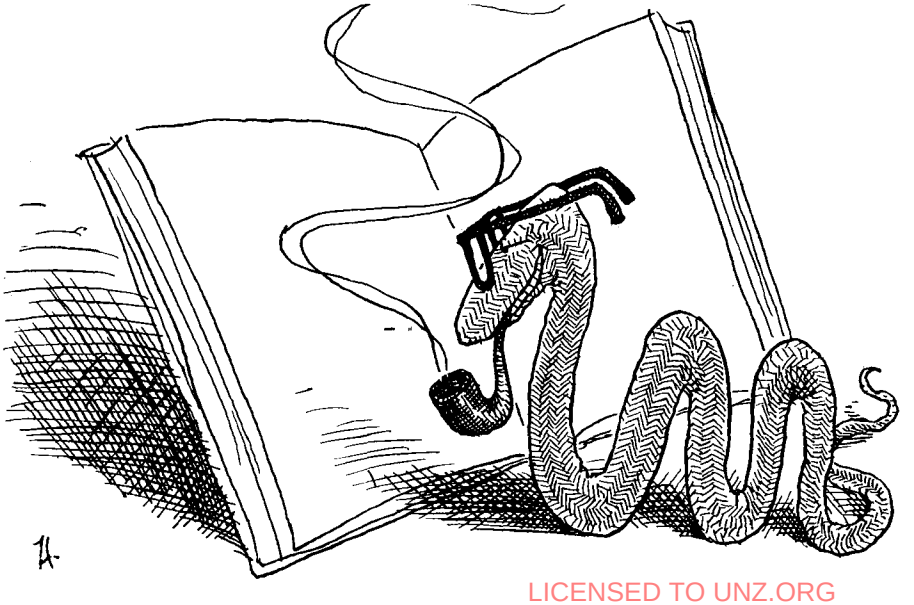
The heroism involved is difficult for us to comprehend. In the West participation in a perfectly legal demonstration, to the applause of press and TV and with fat checks for interviews and personal stories in the offing, is regarded as the height of courage. What do we know of the loneliness of a man like Solzhenitsyn? Or of the terror of setting out to demonstrate against the government in Pushkin Square, in Moscow? That is what a dozen young Russians did in January 1967—in perfect silence, carrying banners demanding freedom for four arrested friends, and the abrogation of anticonstitutional provisions of the criminal code. The whole episode lasted ten minutes—they were set upon by young Communist hoodlums and dragged off to the police.

THE DEMONSTRATION IN PUSHKIN SQUARE is a record of their "trial." "The breach of peace was gross," thundered the prosecutor, "gross because of its impudence—impudence is shown by the fact that they criticized existing laws and the activities of the secret services." Obediently, the judges sentenced the two main accused—in view of the "socially dangerous character of their offense"—to three years of slave-labor camp, and the others to lesser terms of servitude. To nobody's surprise, the Supreme Court instantly confirmed the sentences. For this is Communist Russia, where the authorities have none of Mayor Daley's solicitude for human rights or Governor Reagan's broad-minded permissiveness.

But Russia is also Pavel Litvinov, the grandson of the famous foreign minister, who, despite repeated KGB warnings, smuggled the court transcript out to the West. Since then Litvinov has been exiled to a remote Siberian village. Such is the usual fate of Soviet dissenters—which is why there were so few of them to begin with and hardly any left at liberty today. Reviled by the mob, imprisoned by the authorities—it is not much fun protesting in Russia. Once again, who are we to condemn the great majority of Russian intellectuals for cowering in their bolt-holes and self-pityingly lamenting, with one of "Observer's" friends: "We didn't even have the guts to go and see the martyrs and show we're with them."

The rebels will achieve nothing—except, perhaps, retrieve their nation's honor. Their one hope, according to Shub, "is to stir the conscience of Soviet citizens" and to mobilize world public opinion. They at least know how precious is the Western "repressive tolerance" derided by our pseudo-rebels and their Establishmentarian supporters. Young Bukovsky boldly challenged his accusers: "Which are the countries that forbid their citizens to criticize the government and protest against its actions? Are they the capitalist countries? No, we know that in the bourgeois countries there exist Communist Parties which make it their deliberate purpose to undermine the regime. In the U.S.A. the Communist Party was banned—but the Supreme Court pronounced that the ban was unconstitutional and restored the Party to all its rights."

But what's the use? Our well-heeled academic Yahoos will continue with their paranoid attempts to smash Western democracy, waving the flags of the very same regime that has reduced the Russians to their present pitiful state. How can the heroic Litvinovs and Bukovskys, the Ginzburgs and the Sinyavskys, hope to awaken the conscience of their own people when they can't even affect the conscience of the free West? □



One Man Alone
By Ralph de Toledano
Funk & Wagnalls, $6.95

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

M. STANTON EVANS

Political opponents of Richard Nixon have long rejoiced in describing him as a man of many faces, a quick-change artist who switched over from conservative to liberal as he made his way up the governmental ladder. In this presentation, there is an "old Nixon" and a "new Nixon," neither of whom is to be liked or trusted.

Ralph de Toledano, who has known the President as well as or better than any other journalist, proves the inaccuracy of these assertions. Reviewing the Nixon career in detail, from the early bid for Congress to the final progress to the White House, this biography shows rather plainly that there has all along been one Nixon and only one, and that his political philosophy has changed very little over the span of a generation.

To obtain a proper view of the subject, Toledano suggests, we must forget the terminology of Left and Right. The President is a non-ideological man. From the outset he has been precisely what he claims to be—a "centrist" who stands at midpoint in our politics. From this median position he will move now this way and now that, taking a conservative stance here, a "liberal" one over there. These divergencies sometimes confuse his adversaries; but counterpoised against each other, they simply serve to reinforce the centrality of his position.

The idea that Nixon began in Congress as a hard-Right anti-Communist and then moved leftward as he ascended to national prominence is therefore mistaken. His early record was not, as Toledano makes clear, all that conservative—including as it did votes in behalf of rent controls and extension

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of wartime excise taxes along with more traditionalist stands. Nor has his later performance, as indicated by his repeated assertion of the need for strict constructionists on the Supreme Court, precluded conservative initiatives.

CENTRISM as a political philosophy offers a number of practical advantages. Affording a certain freedom of maneuver outward from the chosen balance-point, it permits, within limits, the reconciliation of divergent interests. It appeals to a large number of conservatives without totally alienating moderates and liberals—a feature which contributed to the Republican victory last fall and also facilitates Nixon's effort to assemble an on-going national constituency. These are considerable virtues and Nixon has exhibited the technical and verbal skill required to make the most of them.

Still, the difficulties of the centrist outlook are enormous. Because it places one at the confluence of whatever forces seem to be politically dominant at any given period, it is in essence a philosophy of drift. It establishes no fixed value points and therefore evolves policy positions whose referents are found in the clash of subjective opinion rather than in objective criteria of the national weal. As these referents move, so, inevitably, does the center.

The nature of the problem can be most easily discerned with respect to Nixon's foreign policy views. Four and five years ago, Nixon was denouncing the idea of "accommodation" and "disengagement" and calling for victory in Southeast Asia. The cold war, he said, was heating up, not thawing out. In Vietnam, he asserted, "all that is needed . . . is the will to win—and the courage to use our power—now." Today, the talk is of an "era of negotiation" and withdrawal from Indochina. The objective character of the Communist danger has not changed appreciably in the interim; the political factors have.

Whether the public Nixon revealed in speeches, papers and political campaigns is also the private one is difficult to say. The President's reserve is famous and we are given few glimpses of the inner man. On Toledano's analysis, and Whittaker Chambers', Nixon runs deep —much deeper than his official presence would indicate. We may hope those depths contain something more durable than a philosophy of splitting the difference. In a time of troubles, centrism will not serve; it cannot shape events because it is in the final analysis determined by them. □

Ambassador's Journal
By John Kenneth Galbraith
Houghton, $10

WORKMANLIKE JOB IN NEW DELHI

VINCENT MILLER

This jotted and irregular "journal" of the two years Galbraith spent as ambassador to India, roughly from April '61 to July '63, begins with some account of a few months spent in Washington as the new Administration got started. It is salted throughout with letters to President Kennedy, with trips back home, and with accounts of all sorts of unremitting attempts to influence basic American policy, both domestic and international.

Pre-planned for quick and painless publication, the book contains nothing secret and was never a personal record kept for history. In the parts about India, Galbraith discusses his day-to-day attempts to put the image and form he wished upon our embassy, and upon all American efforts in India. He began by deciding that he and he alone would be in control, and to that end he centralized all communications through his office. He then decided that his advisory group, which was made up of the heads of all Washington agencies in India—the State Department, USIS, AID, Army, Navy and Air Force—would never meet often enough to create in its own mind, or anyone else's, the false impression that decisions were a matter of common consent, or even reached after mutual discussion. With careful forethought and much fanfare, he toured India, making speeches primarily at the colleges, through which he felt he could exert the greatest influence on Indian attitudes. He saw to it that he arrived at, and created maximum press interest in, the major projects American money and planning supported. And he so arranged his lectures and press conferences that he actually wrote, on most occasions, the press coverage. He worked carefully and indefatigably—although he seems always to have been running back to Europe for a good meal—and, during the Indian-Chinese border dispute, was able to see that his country acted with prime good sense.

Throughout his stay he had two nightmares: Dean Rusk and John Foster Dulles. His dislike for these two men runs through his journal like a *leitmotif* until, at least for this reader, they finally merge to become symbolic of some dangerous bipartisan phenomenon Galbraith seems to feel lies close to the heart of his adopted country. This is to me the serious aspect of his book, and I'd like to say something about it.

Pin an American down on any fundamental issues, Ezra Pound once wrote, and you get—with his last gasp —a quotation. If I understand John Kenneth Galbraith rightly, he feels that if you were to polish a typical set of these quotations carefully enough—I mean with proper evangelical zeal—you'd end up creating Dean Rusk. Or John Foster Dulles. For what you'd get would be the result, willy-nilly, of that universal and bipartisan Western tendency to ideology which John Adams, when he was ambassador to France, was so delighted to discover that Napoleon had just invented the word for.

BUT TO ENDEMIC Western ideologizing you must add a peculiarly American muscle, and the way Americans tend to use it. For this part of the picture you need a story, which Pound tells this way. There once was an American who left a pugilist alone in a drawing room with some ladies of society. The ladies said nothing to the pugilist. The pugilist said nothing to the ladies. Finally to ease the tension, the pugilist spoke:

"Bet I can lift the piano!"

Americans seem constantly to find themselves in a like pass. They look at the rest of the world, become embarrassed, and bet they can lift the piano.

Push that tendency far enough and you get—in this case—both the Pentagon and a host of governmental agencies, all hot to move into India in full force. You get, in fact, all the dollars and technicians, all the massive muscle and verbiage that went into all the projects, power ploys and propaganda gaffes which Galbraith kept trying to cut down, decentralize, dissipate, make responsible, demand clear and simple planning for. But when he got to the planning, he was—you see—back with the tendency to offer, but only if cornered and forced to use it, some platitude related neither to thought nor observation.

I suppose anyone reading an ambassador's journal compares it with others he has read. I'll perhaps shock some readers of *NR* by admitting that I thought on occasion of John Adams in

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Paris. He, too, and also over a bad communications network, tried to convince policy makers in a threatened government that final wisdom did not lie in concentrating power and relying on moral slogans, but in restraint, limitation, balance and common sense. As an ambassador, he set himself to determine just what measure of influence America could in fact exert, and to exerting it, keeping his eye fixed on his country's economic interests upon which he, also, felt all finally rested. I'll even confess that when I got to some of the higher flights of Galbraithian *sprezzatura*, I thought of Adams talking gloomily to Talleyrand about the possibility of governing at all once the press got a little more powerful. Galbraith has at least thought of some lively possibilities here, and seems a bit more cheerful about the prospects.

But I don't at all wish to compare Galbraith and Adams, except to indicate something about beginnings and endings and durations. I've a great deal of respect for Adams, and I'm not much taken with Galbraith. For me the fascinating part of Galbraith's book details how, with that patient and careful attention Confucius said was the secret both of running a state and of frying a small fish, having done all he could to prepare the pan and the fish, Galbraith got us through a significant crisis with a common sense that underlies all show and smartness, holding off with desperate skill whole hosts of platitudinizers and piano lifters. It wasn't the first time it's been done. One hopes it won't be the last. But it was, as it has always been, a bit of upstream swimming. □

Only One Year
By Svetlana Alliluyeva
Harper, $7.95

THE FLIGHT FROM THE CAGE

MILORAD DRACHKOVITCH

It is both difficult and rewarding to review this second book of Joseph Stalin's daughter. Difficult, because it touches on so many subjects that only by reading it may one grasp its richness and significance. Rewarding, because there is one central point that emerges from

the book with utmost clarity, that the individual is at the same time the chief victim and the unconquerable enemy of the totalitarian state. What is most remarkable, indeed, is that Svetlana Stalin, having grown up in complete isolation and, as she says, "trained in Communism almost from our diapers," has not only succeeded in breaking all the dogmatic molds of her upbringing, but has come out to the West possessing all the qualities of a free person: independence of mind, sharp analytical ability, and warm understanding for the vagaries of the human condition. For a believer, her story and her book are proof of God's finger in human affairs. For a nonbelieving humanist she is the most encouraging of witnesses to the incorruptibility of man's essence. And perhaps above all she shows, along with Alexander Solzhenitsyn, that under the outer crust of a tyrannical rule there exists in Russia an immense reservoir of purest humanity.

Three main themes dominate the book. One is autobiographical in nature, and reads in some parts like a moving suspense story—particularly when she describes her stay in India where she went with the ashes of her late husband, a rajah's son, who was educated in England (where he became a Communist) and who died in the Soviet Union a bitterly disappointed man.

The second theme is Svetlana's settlement of accounts with the establishment of the Soviet Union, contrasted sharply in its values and behavior with the distinct world of Svetlana's own intellectual friends and acquaintances. While her previous book, *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, was simply a family chronicle devoid of a deeper historical meaning, in this book Svetlana goes to the heart of Soviet realities. Her portrait of Stalin ("a moral and spiritual monster") is even more convincing and frightening because she shows him not only as a "dogmatic and, in essence, an uneducated man," but also as "his own 'victim'—victim of that terrible thirst for power with which tyrants are born." The rule of Khrushchev is then depicted as a welcome though erratic attempt at decompression, only to be replaced by the present "terrifying world of Kosygins and Suslovs," mediocre and "fossilized" beneficiaries and "victims" of the entire system built by Lenin, "the true father of everything that Stalin later developed to its furthest limits."

THE THIRD THEME of the book, Svetlana's reactions to America, is no less significant and interesting than the second. For at a time when a sizable and most vociferous segment of American intellectuals empathizes with Susan Sontag's maxim that "the quality of American life is an insult to the possibilities of human growth," it is most refreshing to read about the pure joy of Stalin's daughter at being able to substitute an American Thanksgiving for the state-run Jubilee of the October Revolution. And as if she knew in advance that she would be attacked for her crime of falling in love with America, she writes the following powerful lines:

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> Yes, I definitely prefer the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed guilelessness of America to the premature physical and spiritual decay of the "average Soviet man," trained to lie from his very diapers, who from his earliest school days knows that one cannot say aloud what one thinks. But do not try to convince us, who have left Russia, that Russia has achieved great progress in the last fifty years. When it comes to "progress," kindly allow us to know better.

Knowing how the Soviet system works ("suicide was not in its nature, it could only kill others") Svetlana shows how well entrenched the Soviet power holders are. And still her message is not altogether gloomy. She insists that the young Russian generation "wants a truthful, natural, free life. It believes in reality, not in philosophy. Marxism and all other 'isms' do not attract these young minds; 'isms' have outlived their day." In the probably most hopeful paragraph of her book she speaks eloquently of

> . . . the old, deep feeling of sympathy for America, which had been born long ago in Russia. A feeling shared by everyone in the USSR today, commencing with school-children, university students, intellectuals, down to the simplest folk, acquainted with American technical achievements rather than with American history. It is not surprising that such friendliness and sympathy should exist toward a country so like Russia in its vastness, mixture of cultures, tongues, and climates, a country, what's more, that has never been at war with Russia. The only ones not to share in such statements are the Party itself, lagging far behind the times, and the Soviet government.

The reading of this competent, intelligent, and well-written book, leads one to advance another variation on the theme of "convergence" of two different social systems. It appears that the reality of freedom has become either irrelevant or intolerable to many people, especially the intellectuals, in the West. By the same token, as Svetlana Alliluyeva's testimony shows, the aspiration for freedom obtains the highest meaning for an individual where that freedom is suppressed. The paradox of our time is, then, that existing freedom calls for its own destruction, and that there where citizens are enslaved lies freedom's best future chance. The world of freedom is betrayed by Susan Sontag, and the world of tyranny is undermined by Stalin's daughter. □

FILM CHRONICLE

RED HOT AND MEDIUM COOL

RICHARD CORLISS

In Hollywood, the Land of the Settling Smog, stasis is progress, and evolution is revolution. This is one way to explain what has been heralded by press agents and movie reviewers as the Hollywood Revolution—in evidence of which is offered the box-office success of *Easy Rider*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Alice's Restaurant*, *I Am Curious (Yellow)* and *Last Summer*, which comprise the first half of *Variety*'s Golden Dozen money-makers for October. Some of these films *are* new—for Hollywood—while some, like *Midnight Cowboy*, successfully camouflage traditional movie structures and concerns beneath a mod façade. All of them, however, are being supported by the young audience which, in the past few years, has made rock-and-roll music the truly revolutionary combination of industry and art form that the youth-oriented Hollywood film hopes to become.

The industry's part in this is completely economic, and not at all ideological. You make a movie for a certain audience. With the defection of the middle-aged mass audience, to the sedentary pleasures of TV, where viewers can wallow in their own and the movies' past, unfettered by any current radical sensibility, the kids have become the largest and most dependable audience. Naturally, an exhibitors' spokesman says, "the producers and distributors are going to make films for the market, as would any other manufacturer." But just because teen-agers have filled the movie seats vacated by housewives ten years ago, it doesn't necessarily follow that one group will be any less romantic than the other. As Andrew Sarris says, "the movies have now switched from soap opera to dope opera, replacing one form of self-pitying sentimentality with another. As wives were always neglected, mistreated or misunderstood by their husbands, so now are young people neglected, mistreated or misunderstood by their elders. . . . Thus the pot-smoking hippies, like the adulterous victims of back streets and brief encounters before them, come predominantly from the ranks of the bored bourgeoisie." *Alice's Restaurant*, it would seem, has more in common with *Mildred Pierce*'s chain of restaurants than might at first be supposed—especially since Alice Brock, the putative hippie whose eatery helped inspire Arlo Guthrie's song and Arthur Penn's film, has just opened a large food franchise of her own: Alice's Restaurant, Incorporated.

This revolution, like most others, offers little that is really new or even scrupulously honest. But it's more the sociological historian's job than the film critic's to judge a work's novelty and relevance, its Newness and Nowness. Granted, film is still the most popular art, if no longer the most popular medium, and the critic must reflect, and reflect upon, the interests of the movie audience. When he becomes a barometer of fashion, however, favoring innovation over perfection (as if moviemaking were not, at its best, an amalgam of artistry and craftsmanship), he runs the risk of turning into that poor old sap in the Fifties rock-and-roll movies who tries to prove he's hip by clapping to the music—on the upbeat. He also risks missing the merit in more traditional films, as well as flooding the market with so many superlatives that a truly unusual film may get lost in the crowd. Thus, despite the success of all those *revolution sentimentale* films, Haskell Wexler's sadder-but-wiser *Medium Cool* has been praised for the wrong reasons, while Abraham Polonsky's genuinely radical *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* lay a-moulderin' in the Universal vaults for months.

AT FIRST GLANCE, *Willie Boy* might seem "relevant," even trendy. Its subject is, after all, that first and last neglected minority, the American Indian. With a few exceptions—notably George B. Seitz' and Lucien Hubbard's richly and sometimes unintentionally ironic adaptation of Zane Grey's *The Vanishing American*, a 1926 film starring Richard Dix—redskins were portrayed as our Westerns' all-purpose bad guys, the soulless beasts we had to cage or kill to tame the early West. Only in 1950, when Jeff Chandler played a sympathetic Cochise in Delmar Daves' *Broken Arrow*, did Hollywood hint that there might be some nobility in the Savage. As the movie Western became "adult" —some would say "neurotic"—in the

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Fifties, the white man was often more an exploiter than an explorer, and the red man gradually acquired civilized characteristics that made him almost white.

Now, with the moral if not monetary success of Arthur Kopit's Broadway indictment, *Indians*, and with the "liberation" of Alcatraz by a group of red militants, the Indian has finally made it onto the list of Liberal Causes just behind Blacks, Homosexuals and Women. *Willie Boy* skips the facile moralizing that would convert the Indian into a totem of white guilt; the leading character is no Sidney Poitier, no LeRoi Jones. He's something more: an individual who commands respect as an individual, and not as the collective hero, whether benign or rabid, of a long-silent minority.

WILLIE—THE "BOY" is used as a diminutive, a pejorative and an expletive—is no noble savage, although the fear turn-of-the-century whites feel toward him is provoked both by his savagery and by a fierce independence that suggests nobility. Mainly, he is very strong, very smart and very angry, three traits that make his would-be oppressors furious as well as afraid. When Willie kills his girl-friend's father a motley posse (patriarchal rancher, proletarian cowhand, promethean deputy sheriff) is organized to track him down. Polonsky's film is the story of this pursuit, and in telling it he has used the most traditional of genres—Cowboy chases Indian—in an exciting and possibly radical way.

Part of *Willie Boy*'s strength comes from the strengths of the protagonist, Coop, the archetypal sheriff, and those of his crafty antagonist Willie. As played by Robert Blake (who is sort of a compact John Garfield), Willie has an arrogant, admirable sense of legend about himself, whereas Coop (Robert Redford), the proud son of a "great Western marshal," stoops under the combined weight of being the repository of Western Civilization and not quite living up to his legendary father. The legends and the reverberations are those of the Forties, when Director Polonsky last worked in Hollywood. Polonsky was responsible for Garfield's best films, *Body and Soul*, which he wrote, and *Force of Evil*, which he wrote and directed. Garfield was tough, cagey, resilient—but never the hero that Willie becomes when allowed to expand during his flight for life. Polonsky's Forties world was an urban one of Byzantine, subway-car density, witty and brutal. Though *Willie Boy* was made twenty years later and is set in the California desert, Polonsky has suffused the film with a remarkable open-spaced tension: that familiar Forties odor, crossing stale sweat and cigarette smoke with cotton candy and roadhouse gin, somehow sticks to the rocky landscape that Coop should feel at home in, and gives Willie a slight edge.

Willie *is* the smart Forties gangster, stripped of any vestige of civility (with minority coloration for audience sympathy), but Coop is only the *son* of "that great Western marshal"—Gary Cooper, of course, the tight-lipped lawman. In the Old West and the Old Western, Coop was good and true, so the Law was. He symbolized both might and right. But Coop Jr. is cursed with the modern man's self-doubt and equivocation; so the Law, which Coop Jr. himself is carrying out, becomes questionable, and its final satisfaction is less a very mixed blessing than the white man's terrible curse.

MEDIUM COOL has broken into *Variety*'s Golden Dozen for a number of marketable reasons: it's got obscenities, pubic hair and that famous rock group, the Chicago Police Action. Well, trend-setting movie-makers and trend-spotting movie critics will probably think it irrelevant, but *Medium Cool* is an impressive film, and its sensational aspects have little to do with it.

The leading character, who is led to a realization of himself as a captive agent of the news media and its government Big Brothers, is no knight in hippie garb, but a hard-nosed TV cameraman who is nearly as violent as the events he photographs. His language is belligerent, his gestures uneasily probing; his hobby is boxing, his idea of an evening's date is the roller derby, his love life is a series of moving violations that must be recorded (at what seems like some risk) by a violently moving cameraman. And when he discovers (by roughing up a frail secretary) that the events he records have been turned over to government agencies, he reacts by smashing whatever possible. It is this action, and not the somewhat superfluous riot footage toward the end, that is the film's real climax.

Medium Cool is a mixture, occasionally unsuccessful, of the documentary

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film and the traditional story movie. Because Haskell Wexler is primarily a photographer (which accounts for the autobiographical flavor and the admitted bias of the picture, but doesn't account for his exemplary work with actors) and not a script-writer, his film suffers from a rickety plot structure and false-sounding dialogue. But the "documentary" sequences—of Army Riot Training, ladies in a Gun Clinic, and a nervy, anxious confrontation with some impolite but incisive blacks—are so well done that it adds another dimension to the leading character who filmed them: he's angry not only because he was fired for declaring a photographer's independence, but also because he was such a good photographer. In this respect as in others, he is a fit cellmate, if not soul-mate, for *Willie Boy*.

Wexler's film is no masterpiece. It is rough when *Willie Boy* is flinty, forced where *Willie* is forceful—and, truth to tell, neither film gives a viewer the feeling of exhausted exhilaration that the great films convey. But in an era "wherein abundance hath replaced sufficiency" (Cyril Tourneur in the seventeenth century, but truer now than then), at a time when everything is "too much, man" and curiously not enough, it may be helpful to pay attention to two mature, ambiguous, important films that ask disturbing questions, and don't expect the answer to appear in the haze of a marijuana dream. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ELUSIVE REVOLUTION, *by Raymond Aron (Praeger, $5.95)*. Raymond Aron has often been called the French Walter Lippmann. Would that Mr. Lippmann possessed Professor Aron's unique intelligence and historical perspective; then he might well be called the American Raymond Aron. Over the years Aron's numerous books and his regular column in the pages of *Le Figaro* have served to remind us—lest we forget—that reason still exists (even if it does not prevail) in France. In his latest work he takes aim at the "juvenile delinquents" who threaten to destroy the university as a place of free inquiry. He mercilessly analyzes the events leading up to the May-June Revolution in France, criticizing the Gaullist regime and the student revolutionaries with equal force, telling us much both about present-day France and the mind of the student revolutionary. He made many enemies on the Left last year because of his criticisms of the students; he should make more enemies this year because of his criticism of French education. This is an important book, because it sheds light not only on the problems which plague France, but on the problems that are presently afflicting our own universities. In reading Aron, one is reminded of Talleyrand's advice to his subordinates, "*Surtout, point de zèle*," advice well worth remembering in an era when the zealots seem to be in the ascendancy.

P. P. WITONSKI

RUNNING AGAINST THE MACHINE: *A Grass Roots Race for the New York Mayoralty, by Norman Mailer, Jimmy Breslin, Peter Mass, Gloria Steinem and others, ed. by Peter Manso (Doubleday, $6.95)*. Once beyond the title of this pastiche that Manso's McLuhanesque dachshund pawed together from old news clippings lining her box, the fun begins. It started casually —"c'mon, Norman, what d'ya say?"— and became a "philosophical campaign," Mailer's philosophy being "left-conservatism." Naked, but not dead: that's Fun City, suggested our two candidates, having a ball excoriating the "Bronx Ridgling [look *that* up in your *Funk & Wagnalls*] Procaccino, by Fear—out of Law and Order," "preposterous George Romney" (what was *he* running for?), the *Times*' "terribly sloppy journalism," Lindsay, "too tall and good-looking for the city," etc. *Beautiful*, as Breslin says; *his* pieces herein are admirable. Their slogan: "Free Huey Newton, end fluoridation, compulsory free love in neighborhoods which vote for it, compulsory church attendance for neighborhoods voting for that"—so nutty that "left-conservatism" becomes intelligible, sort of. Additional gems: intriguing proposals—"The 51st State," "Power to the Neighborhoods," "Kiss off the Boredom of the Democratic Machine," a sane transportation system, "legalized gambling"; a mixed bag of position papers (by Manso's Mafia), some resembling ellipses from Bill Buckley's *Unmaking of a Mayor*; doozies—"A Zoo in Every Neighborhood" (*I* thought there already was); monstrosities—a concept of Negro advancement so inane as practically to perpetuate backwardness; campaign posters—over Wagner's and Procaccino's faces: "If these guys win—They'll never pass the urinalysis"; Norman's lesser (let's hope) poesy—"A Jew/You/Dear Kike/I wish you were a dyke"; and Norman's Wisdom—legalized abortion, not birth control: "At least that way women *know* they're murderers." Best-line-in-book Award goes to Noel Parmentel: "[W]hat a brave man [Mailer] is . . . what a good friend. . . . But do not judge him too quickly. He's a pain in the ass."

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Day in Laos, and an Evening

On The Right

Vientiane, Dec. 15—Pity the poor Laotians, however depleted your reserves of pity. There aren't very many of them, just over 2.5 million, they are very very poor earning per capita $50 per year, which the United States practically doubles with its various projects, military, economic and social in Laos. The country is split right down the middle, the eastern half dominated by North Vietnamese soldiers who use it as a conveyor belt to feed the war against South Vietnam. That line oscillates wildly, depending on who is in control of a central plain to the north, which the government now controls, but which the Communists are always threatening to overrun. The war costs the Laotians, on a typical day, thirteen soldiers dead. Multiply that by one hundred, and you have an idea what would be a comparable loss to the United States—1,300 dead per day, or just under one-half million men per year, far far worse than our burden during the worst days of the Second World War.

Probably Laos will survive or not depending on whether South Vietnam survives. It is so in all of Southeast Asia, which is like a mobile, which rises, or lowers, its component pieces maintaining their relative position to one another, as one lifts or lowers the halyard. Souvanna Phouma, the Prime Minister, told the visitor sadly, philosophically, that for so long as that war continues, Laos is definitely in danger, because the enemy needs the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which is on Laotian territory. But if South Vietnam survives, even then it will be a struggle, because the North Vietnam Communists are greedy, and they will continue to prey on Laos.

YET THE COUNTRY BREEDS a rugged kind of optimism, or so it seems. The American ambassador, Mac Godley, is energetic, exuberant, determined. So also are the Americans who help in every conceivable way, with education, agriculture, public health, military security. It isn't an easy job. For one thing there is the language problem—more generally, the problem of communication. There are a total of 7,500 copies sold per day throughout Laos of all the daily newspapers combined. Very few Laotians speak English, indeed very few Laotians read Lao (75 per cent are illiterate). So that one needs to start from the very bottom, which Americans have undertaken to do, helping, for instance, to train Laotians to fly airplanes, an indispensable accomplishment for any nation that desires to protect itself. As one Lao put it to one American official, complaining of the insecurity of travel, "The activities carry out quite well, but feel worry one thing that is no any boss go along the trips. I have complained this question several times but boss is afraid to die." Not all bosses are afraid to die.

Incredibly, there are now over fifty Laotian pilots, some of them taken right off their water buffalo, who are now flying four and five sorties per day against the enemy. It requires eighteen months to train such a pilot, who first must be taught the rudiments of English so as to be able to perform simple acts of maintenance. It was after dinner, away down in Savannakatt, across the river from Thailand, when it occurred suddenly to a young intelligence officer that we could see for ourselves. There was a brand new gun, or rather guns, which are bolted down on the floor of an old DC-3, the three muzzles protruding out the windows, and they shoot off an incredible six thousand rounds per minute, in short bursts, after the flares are tossed out illuminating the area of infiltration, as word of it comes to a central intelligence post: they call the airplane, Puff the Magic Dragon, and its pilot, Spooky. Would we care to see the operation?

He telephoned, yes, a Laotian crew will be going out momentarily. We climb aboard in the bitter cold and the plane roars up into the night shatteringly loud, the cold air roaring in through what once was a door, now is an aperture through which the crew will toss the brilliant white flares. All very informal, not to say anarchical, and we don parachutes not because we are instructed to do so—the pilot and crew are most permissive—but because they keep us a little warmer. But since we do have them on, the pilot leans over and shouts through the noise. "If I make long bell we crash," so that we know that if we hear long bell, to jump out the door, count slowly to two, and pull the handle appropriately perched over the heart.

But the pilot made only short bells, after each one of which a big flare was jettisoned, itself to parachute down toward the enemy. An hour or so of this, but no firing, then suddenly off to the southeast, more flares and suddenly the whole side of the plane becomes a machine gun, the three parallel beams describing, at a hundred rounds per second, a golden tracery to the ground. The noise is as if you found yourself inside the walls of an engine. Four, five bursts, and the nine thousand bullets have been fired, and it is time to reload, and return to the ground, which we greet with great reverence. The Laotian pilots are matter-of-fact about it, strolling into the little room with the radio. They expect to go out again that night, maybe even twice more. The passengers would sooner retire to where the water buffalo roam.

I do not know why heroism and stamina and simple determination in a just cause are so unexciting nowadays to so many who have never had to fight for the freedoms they so often abuse, certainly who have never had to fight against such awful odds as the Laotians, whose introduction to the wonders of the modern world finds them, late at night out in the cold, foraging through the blackness for those who are bent on taking from them the very little that they have. But the memory is indelible, and the sadness overpowering, because the laws of nature will not be suspended, and they speak as certainly as they spoke for the young pilots who volunteered to save Britain against the falling of the night, saying, surely, that one day, maybe not tomorrow, the men we flew with will have to make a long, and endless bell. □

BLOODY, BLOODIER

Saigon, Dec. 18—I have read about in fiction, but never supposed that such a document ever existed, the blank Execution Warrant; that is to say a form ordering the execution of whatever individual is so hapless as to get his name written in where now a blank space exists. The form I have in front of me bears the official seal of the "People's Revolutionary

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Committee of Saigon-Gia Dinh, Fourth Precinct," and requires nothing more to set it into motion than, as I say, giving the name and one or two particulars about the man you are condemning. Not even a human signature is required —not a bad idea, that: perhaps the North Vietnamese have learned from the Nazis' meticulous attention to detail how dangerous—and how unnecessary—it is to affix upon a piece of paper the name of the responsible executioner.

THE FORM is of macabre interest. It is headed: "Death Sentence." The text, only slightly abbreviated, says:

"In accordance with the judgment and resolution of the Fourth Precinct People's Revolutionary Council dated . . . (filled in).

"A sentence of death has been pronounced on . . . (name) . . . (address) . . . the culprit [having] been found to be a cruel tyrant who has committed the following crime: . . .

"A collaborator of the country-grabbing pirates and U.S.-Thieu-Ky-Huong counterselling lackeys who has [sic] . . . opposed the revolutionary undertaking of our entire people.

"All military, civilian, administrative authorities are required to carry out this sentence."

I have here also translations of a few enemy documents which exist in profusion and are workaday accounts both of the achievements of the Communists, and of the character of the instructions that flow down from the Revolutionary Committees.

One of them, for instance, reports a rather anemic day's work . . . "Agents of the District Armed Reconnaissance Unit gave a pack of poisoned Cotab cigarettes to some field policemen. After smoking these cigarettes, eleven field policemen were poisoned; one died and ten others were cured after being evacuated to the hospital."

Another reports on a more fruitful day. "Killed 24 men, including hamlet and village administrative personnel and informants who owed the people a blood death. Wounded four men and warned thirty others before a crowd of eighty people. Four of them confessed to their crimes and their families agreed to be responsible for their conduct. In addition, we sent letters of warning to 38 hamlets and village administrative personnel and interfamily chiefs."

Here is an order issued last June and addressed to a "Village Party Committee." "A complete roster of local administrative personnel must be swiftly established, with full names, activities and private residences. The roster should include the wicked village delegates, policemen, hamlet chiefs and assistant hamlet chiefs, intelligence agents, spies, and betrayers who have committed blood debt [sic] against our people. We must arrest or kill the above tyrants on the night of June 5 and 6. . . ."

And again, addressed to "various agencies," "every armed reconnaissance cell must kill at least one chief or assistant chief in each of the following: Public Security Service, District National Police Service, Open Arms Service, Information Service, Pacification Teams, and a district chief or an assistant district chief. In addition, every cell must exterminate three wicked tyrants living in a district seat or ward, and warn thirty other enemy personnel that they will be punished if they do not conform by rallying to our cause."

I note, too, the decentralization of the authority to execute. "To cope with the present situation and to properly prepare to fight the enemy in the days ahead, the high echelon has decided that from now on the District Current Affairs Committees have the right to examine the death sentences passed by village security sections and party chapters. These sentences will also be executed at the request of the District Security Sections."

And on and on. But here, finally is one whose awful resonance should freeze the banter of those who prattle about the likelihoood of amnesty in the event of a Communist victory. "We must [report to the security agency of VOSVN on September 30, 1968] counter the aggressive war not only in the present but also in the future even when our Fatherland is completely liberated. The people's struggle will continue to take place, fierce and complicated, especially the struggle against spies, reactionaries, henchmen of the U.S. imperialists, reactionary elements in the religious community, and ethnic minority groups."

THE DAY I LEFT Vietnam, *Stars and Stripes* carried a short item, the news of a housewife who had been kidnaped from a hamlet on the outskirts of Hué. A notice was in due course sent to the village announcing that she would be executed, a retaliation for her husband's collaboration with the anti-people's movement. That poor woman is no more guilty than, say, twelve million South Vietnamese who are equally eligible to find their names on one of those Execution Forms.

Discussing, a week ago, the massacre at Songmy (Mylai), the *Economist* of London wrote, "It would be a harder sum to work out if last year's massacre at Hué [the full measure of which has only just been revealed] was being anxiously discussed this week in *Nhan Dan* or *Pravda*; if Hanoi radio was interviewing the men who did it; if Mr. Truong Chinh has said it was abhorrent to the conscience of North Vietnam. What happened at Songmy is a terrible commentary on the cruel, or weak, men who committed the act. The fact that it was belatedly but inevitably discovered, and the reactions now that it has been discovered, are a better commentary on what the war is being fought for." □

SUMMING UP—I *Hong Kong*, Dec. 20—The temptation is to sum up a short visit to Vietnam by giving figures which suggest how the situation there is tilted at this moment. To that temptation I partly succumb.

Here, first, is some bad news. We have not succeeded in devising the means of persuading North Vietnamese soldiers to defect. This is not a tribute to their ideological constancy, so much as testimony to their home-mindedness. Defection means for them a permanent separation from their families and, not inconceivably, retaliation against their families. There is abundant evidence that the North Vietnamese tire not only of the rigors of the war but of the manifest futility of it. Still, the tendency is to do what one is told, and to dream of repatriation. Defection is for the few, the very few who will live apart from their families. Fewer than one thousand North Vietnamese have defected. By contrast, 120,000 Vietcong have defected.

An enormously important datum, inasmuch as the conduct of the war has passed dramatically in the past year or so from the hands of the Vietcong on over to the North Vietnamese, who although they were always responsible for the direction and provisioning of the war, did depend heavily up until recently on indigenous units. In the space of a little more than a year, the ratio almost exactly reversed, from 70 per cent SVN and 30 NVN, to the exact opposite. One might call it the North Vietnamization of the war. All the more discouraging that the defection rate is so low among the most crucial element in the current struggle.

More bad news. Although the enemy, as we shall see, is reeling from successive disasters, he retains the technical capacity to regenrate himself at about the rate at which we have been killing him. An estimated one hundred thousand healthy males not designated for specialized training turn eighteen every year. That is about how many soldiers, on an average, have been killed per year over the course of the war. The bright side of it, in the macabre figuring of the military statisticians, is that something like an entire generation of North Vietnamese males have been killed during the past seven or eight years. The sobering side is that they grow 'em as fast as we kill them. One recalls the bloodchilling comment of Wellington surveying the carnage after a great battle against Napoleon in

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Spain, and sniffing that the English dead were no greater than the number of men who would be conceived the next Saturday night in London.

The enemy, the North Vietnamese, have enough men left over to keep fifty thousand of them engaged in Laos, where, as in South Vietnam, they shoulder the overwhelming burden of pressing their imperialism. Did I forget to mention that there are only 75,000 Vietcong? Moreover—another grim statistic—the materiel that crosses the borders of North Vietnam on route to the slaughter of Americans and South Vietnamese, does so with less than the difficulty—thanks to Lyndon Johnson's suspension of the bombing—that an American tourist experiences in crossing over, say, to Canada.

WE ARE TALKING, for the most part, about Soviet goods; Soviet weapons, Soviet trucks, Soviet oil. Two figures, purely suggestive. There are more North Vietnamese infiltrating into South Vietnam right now, than in 1966 or 1967. As of December 1, 4,500 vehicles were landed in support of the Communists, which is eight hundred more than the figure for a year ago. During October alone, 52,000 tons of fuel went in to North Vietnam, a figure which I reduce, straining the limits of my mathematical prowess, to approximately fifteen million gallons. It is generally supposed that all of the infiltration of the goods of war comes down through Laos and the Ho Chi Minh Trail, and then insinuates east across the long South Vietnamese frontier. In fact a great deal of materiel laps into the port of Sihanoukville in Cambodia, and treks its way leisurely east into the southernmost area of Vietnam, the Delta region, which is what the war is all about, that being where the rice is. Why, why, we do not ourselves close off that part, or, with a salute to Vietnamization, why we do not give the South Vietnamese the means to do so, remains a mystery, too subtle for me or Spiro Agnew to understand.

But the point is made. The enemy neither has to give up, nor is, apparently, disposed to give up. Which does not mean that we are not winning the war, achieving our objectives, and facing, in a controlled situation, far brighter prospects. We are, in fact. □

SUMMING UP—II *Honolulu*, Dec. 21—I have struggled for a formulation, and it is this. There is insufficient evidence that Washington has thought through the meaning of Vietnamization. It is perhaps unfair to put it in quite that way, so let us settle for saying that there is abundant evidence that Washington has not communicated to the American public the true meaning of Vietnamization.

You need to keep reminding yourself, when you think of Vietnam, that there was never a war like it fought in history. You see whole legions of pilots and bombs and machine guns and helicopters and godknowswhat which are entirely but entirely unnecessary, because their sole function is to track down and eliminate supplies which entered into the country in the first place via a couple of bottlenecks visible to every seagull on the coastline of North Vietnam and Cambodia, let alone our super-bombsights. Why do we not block these accesses? There is no questioning that that would be the humane thing to do. Blocking those accesses would save not only American lives, not only South Vietnamese lives, but also North Vietnamese lives.

Well, we have become accustomed to the argument that we do not block those great ports because to do so would be to provoke directly the Soviet Union in particular, whose merchant fleet is busy supplying those ports with the materials of war. Provoke her and possibly provoke also China, which, though to a lesser extent, also uses the harbor at Haiphong, although most of her help flows down a railroad line which also could be easily interdicted.

Now it is a question for diplomatic strategists to dispute whether the reasoning that stayed the hand of Lyndon Johnson, and now Nixon, is ultimately sound. But there is no argument at all about the military inanity. The military feels that its job is to erect the Empire State Building, but skip the first floor.

Now: any military authority capable of neutralizing a peashooter would proceed at once to do at least some, and probably all of the following: 1) block the harbor at Haiphong; 2) block the harbor at Sihanoukville; 3) effect an amphibious landing north of Haiphong cutting a swathe across central North Vietnam and dividing the country; 4) march a column of troops west extending (roughly) the Demilitarized Zone, thus cutting off the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

Now the question before the house is: with the assumption by the South Vietnamese of military authority and, progressively, the human brunt of the war (during the week I was there, 80 per cent of the battle casualties were South Vietnamese, 20 per cent U.S.), are we also prepared to rescind the political considerations which have hampered our own movements? It is one thing to say that blocking Haiphong or invading North Vietnam would be interpreted as a threat by the United States to Red China. It is altogether something else to suppose that South Vietnamese action of the identical kind would represent a threat to Red China.

China is as much threatened by South Vietnam as we are threatened by Costa Rica. South Vietnam's enemy, North Vietnam, cares nothing at all about violating the territory of Laos, or of Cambodia, for the purpose of introducing aggression into South Vietnam. So under what reasoning should South Vietnam care about moving into Cambodia and Laos in order to repress that aggression?

How would it look for the Soviet navy—for all that it is given nowadays to swaggering about in the Indian Ocean—to command its dreadnoughts to shoot down South Vietnamese gunboats engaged in closing down a harbor which it is entitled to do under international convention when that harbor is being used to supply aggressors against it? Now there would be true escalation, calling for reprisals by the United States, symmetrical or asymmetrical. But that is our problem. It ought not to be the problem of South Vietnam.

True, the South Vietnamese would be using our materiel; so what? The enemy continues to use materiel made in the Soviet Union and in Red China. True Vietnamization would set up true equilibrium, but the question now is whether we are so stuck in our fear of escalation that we will seek to impose on Vietnam inhibitions which are only questionably defensible as they weigh down the United States but would be unquestionably indefensible as they weigh down South Vietnam. If we pass along our political repressions to South Vietnam, the strategic outcome is clear. Victory for the enemy. □

THE WORLD'S ANGRIEST MAN *Bangkok*, Dec. 23—If one of our telstars were given the assignment of singling out the world's angriest man, it would freeze over Bangkok, Thailand. More specifically over the rooftop of Dr. Thannat Kohman, the Foreign Minister of Thailand over the past eleven years. He is angry with us because he believes that the United States is nowadays represented by such as Senators Fulbright and Symington, which gentlemen the Foreign Minister believes to be engaged in policies which, in moments of conversational relaxation, he denounces as "sterile."

The meeting took place a day after the newspapers reported that the United States had in effect paid Thailand $1

(Continues on page 49)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JOHN] MILTON: ODE ON [THE MORNING OF] CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
[For so] the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

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KENNER

(Continued from page 35)

hand of each waitress, steadily, as fast as they can trot, from where the kegs are broached. Hammering the spigot into the first keg is the annual duty of the mayor of Munich. If he is clumsy and takes more than one bang there will be beer all over the floor and doubtless an aborted political career (this is *much* more serious than throwing out the first ball to the Senators; the President doesn't throw a real pitch, but the mayor broaches real beer). The kegs are hauled to the site on rumbling wagons by teams of four or six caparisoned horses all built like Wagnerian sopranos. A great ox turns on the spit. Another is sliced. The *Wies'nbummler* yell, don papier-maché hats, squeeze noisemakers and one another, eat and drink themselves silly. Two hundred and fifty miles to the south Savonarola gestures stonily.

This year the editors of the *Abendzeitung* (abbreviated *AZ,* naturally) added class to the proceedings by sponsoring an Oktoberfest Queen. Her name was Carolin. Her queenmanship too was soon drowned in statistics: 48 of the four million mugs, we were told, went down her pretty throat alone, plus thirteen chickens, eighteen pair of sausages, fourteen helpings of ox. These figures are understood to be spread over sixteen days. *Her* figure, which no doubt also spread, was given as 94-65-98 (that's centimeters) at the start of the proceedings. She also bestowed 352 authorized kisses, give or take some possible faulty enumeration in the last two days. And deadline after deadline, totting up the running scores, the *AZ* had itself some headlines.

Between Oktoberfests the *AZ* makes do with the routine human comedy: Brigitte Bardot's divorces, disgraced policemen, fat men stuck on trams. Münchners, it sometimes seems, outdo one another to fulfill the civic character it delineates. Once in a while one of them assists the paper to surpass itself. They still talk about the man who heard burglars.

He tiptoed downstairs, saw a dim form, swung at it, and gashed his hand severely in the hall mirror. He was rushed off to the hospital for first aid. Back home in a bandaged state, he settled his grateful bulk for meditation on what is brutally called the *Sitzabort,* and dropped a match unaware that his wife had been soothing her nerves during his hospitalization by cleaning the bowl with a drastic but inflammable chemical. He sprang up howling, blistered on the *Sitzfleisch.* Called once more, the ambulance men as they carried him off on the stretcher asked what it was this time, and on being told laughed so heartily they dropped him and broke his leg. It was a red banner day for the *Abendzeitung*: pure Katzenjammer.

And the Oktoberfest, for one ungrudging lover of Munich, by and large occupies the same wavelength: at least, in retrospect, from this town of Niccolo Este and Savonarola and *acqua minerale* and (admittedly sometimes counterfeit) *vino rosso (mezzo).* □

BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 46)

billion in order to bribe the Thais into sending a single division of men into South Vietnam. Dr. Thannat's howls have no doubt been heard in Washington.

To begin with, it isn't true. In the second place, says Dr. Thannat, Thailand is unusual in this world in that it has not presented the United States with a great bill in return for receiving the United States' favors. Perhaps, he says bitterly, that was a mistake. Perhaps longtime Senators Fulbright and Symington would think better of Thailand if she had followed an ambiguous foreign policy over the years, alternating her favors between the Soviet Union and the United States. Instead, for the eleven years that Dr. Thannat has administered the foreign policy of Thailand, his country has firmly and unequivocally joined with the United States in regional defense pacts, and obliged the United States by giving us such facilities as we have needed in order to discharge our obligations. Why can't the United States realize this?

At this point the visitor began to fidget, and reminded His Excellency that Senator Fulbright is not the United States. Well, why don't Americans reject Senator Fulbright, he asked directly. Americans, said the visitor, have never been given the opportunity to reject Senator Fulbright, but if ever they were, the visitor had no doubts that they would do so enthusiastically. Well, said the Foreign Minister, if Senator Fulbright's views are rejected by the people, how come he is still in the Senate? The visitor despaired of explaining Arkansas politics even to so learned and cosmopolitan a citizen of Thailand, and thought it best to take the offensive. Look, Mr. Minister, how do you think America feels about the criticisms of us? You're getting criticized by individual members of the United States Senate. We get criticized by whole governments for doing things we are not getting anything out of concretely.

For instance? Dr. Thannat asked, visibly concerned that he was called upon to share his sense of outrage with anyone else. Well for instance, said the visitor, the government of Sweden, which just voted to extend $45 million of credit to North Vietnam. So, said the Foreign Minister, what do you want? Do you want us to declare war against Sweden? All right, we'll declare war against Sweden, if that's really what you want. But meanwhile, what about Fulbright?

The visitor thanked the Minister most cordially, and said that perhaps the declaration of war against Sweden should await a more propitious season; and anyway, however sympathetic the visitor was to those who deplored the ingratitude of American Fulbrights, still, he stressed, they are in a minority, and meanwhile, what was Thailand doing about the non-participation in Asian burdens of such countries as Japan?

Japan, said the Minister, is the principal profiteer of the Vietnam war. She has taken every commercial advantage from it, and is clearly prepared to sail into history devoting only 1 per cent of her gross national product to defense, for so long as she can depend on others to do her work.

And talking about burdens, the Minister perked up at the memory of another grievance. Not only is the United States reducing its foreign aid to Thailand to the merest trickle, but also, under our Public Law 480 which permits the sale at exaggeratedly low price of agricultural surpluses under special circumstances, we have directly cut into Thailand exports, aggravating her already grievously distorted imbalance of payments. What did the visitor have to say about that?

Well, he would certainly take up the matter with Senator Fulbright when he got home—which, at that point, couldn't be soon enough. But he left deeply concerned that the friends of the United States would feel so keenly the apparent indifference of the United States toward those few countries in the world which have stood by us—uncomplainingly, I almost said. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A device for holding a door or gate closed — 11 120 191 44 162

B. Farm vehicles that were easy to steer — 47 68 121 156 23 185 150

C. The state or quality of having a measured movement — 66 151 46 12 42 70 131 109 142 146 32

D. The oboe is an ____ that nobody blows good — 74 122 148 158 7 187 208

E. A Central American capital — 82 165 8 177 95 134 202

F. This protects one from overhead light — 86 38 205 9 45 97 138 167

G. A famous house of worship in France — 106 28 49 129 182 189 4 37 85 101 110 115 206 69 96

H. People who try to influence legislators — 114 123 31 139 91 25 195 154 199

I. A retired U. S. Air Force general, born 1896 — 15 24 125 207 52

J. A Central American capital — 117 27 81 93 111 29 164 108 193 14 83

K. A hint or warning — 204 39 51 171 75 143

L. What you get when you view a certain landmark in Paris — 145 77 197 176 140 149

M. A physician during the time of Trajan — 153 3 63 79 89 92 107 137 170 104 174 190 10 17

N. A network of nerves situated at the upper part of the abdomen, behind the stomach and in front of the aorta — 184 65 62 90 16 71 87 160 50 113 116

O. Clear, fresh, invigorating air — 2 166 20 40 61

P. Heavy disks rotating on shafts so that their momentums give almost uniform rotational speeds to the shafts and to all connected machinery — 200 194 99 41 155 163 35 135 26

Q. Where the Greek underground meets — 5 33 141 43 124 54

R. Trenches, usually filled with water, surrounding a castle — 30 78 102 136 55

S. Essential nature — 67 19 103 181 137 56

T. A signer of the Declaration of Independence — 175 58 126 144

U. Acting like a boor — 178 201 112 36 84 198 60 127

V. A royal family that ruled Germany and Sicily, 12th and 13th centuries — 196 57 173 147 161 168 180 186 48 64 152 172

W. An enlarged mass of lymphoid tissue in the upper pharynx — 13 98 183 94 118 192 188 130

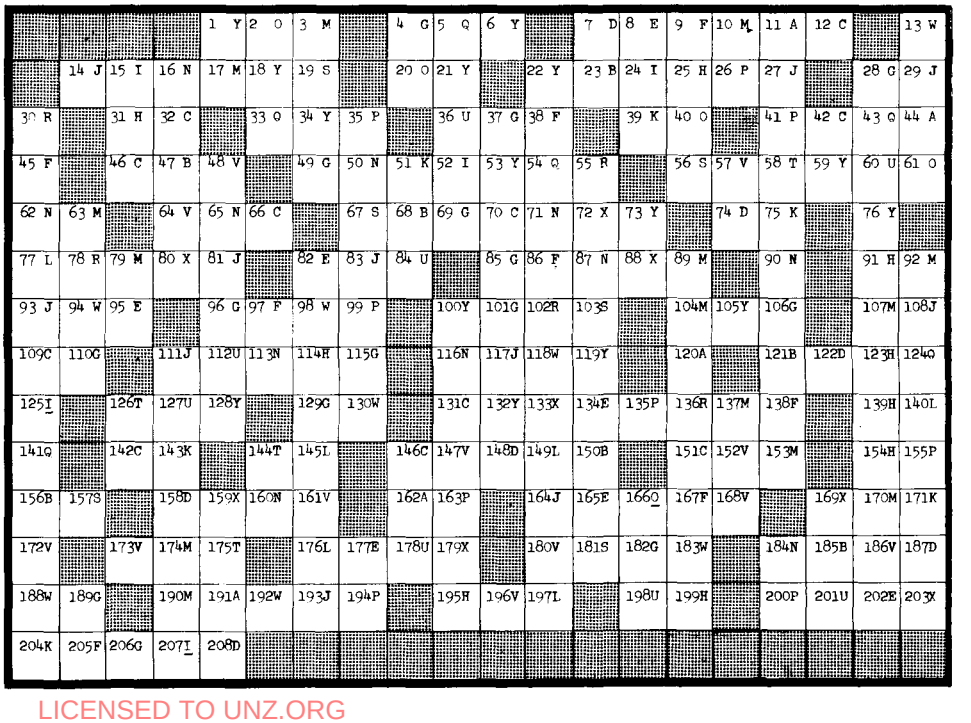
X. This can be used for a few words — 80 169 203 133 159 179 72 88

Y. A comic work by Kurt Weill, 1928 — 100 34 59 73 105 119 128 6 132 1 18 22 53 21 76

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in (above) their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 44 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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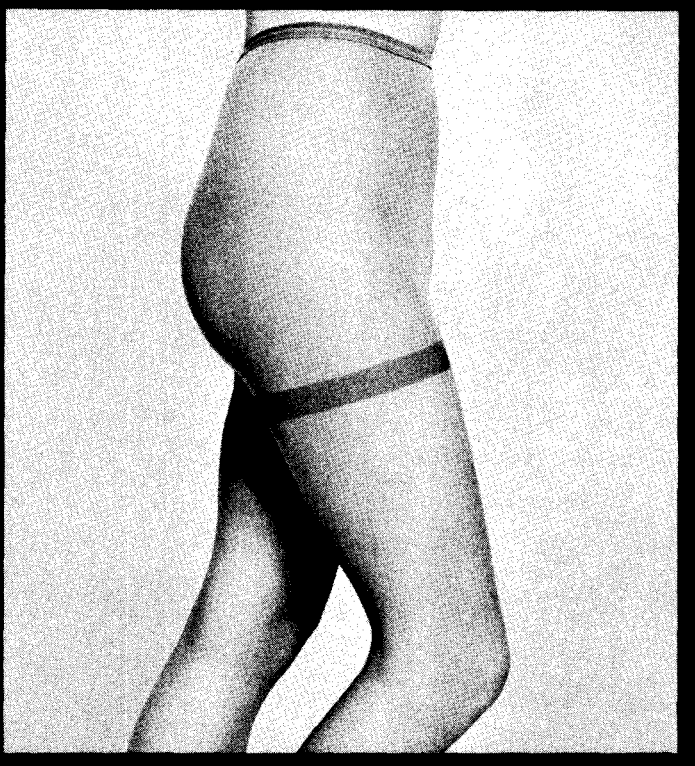

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